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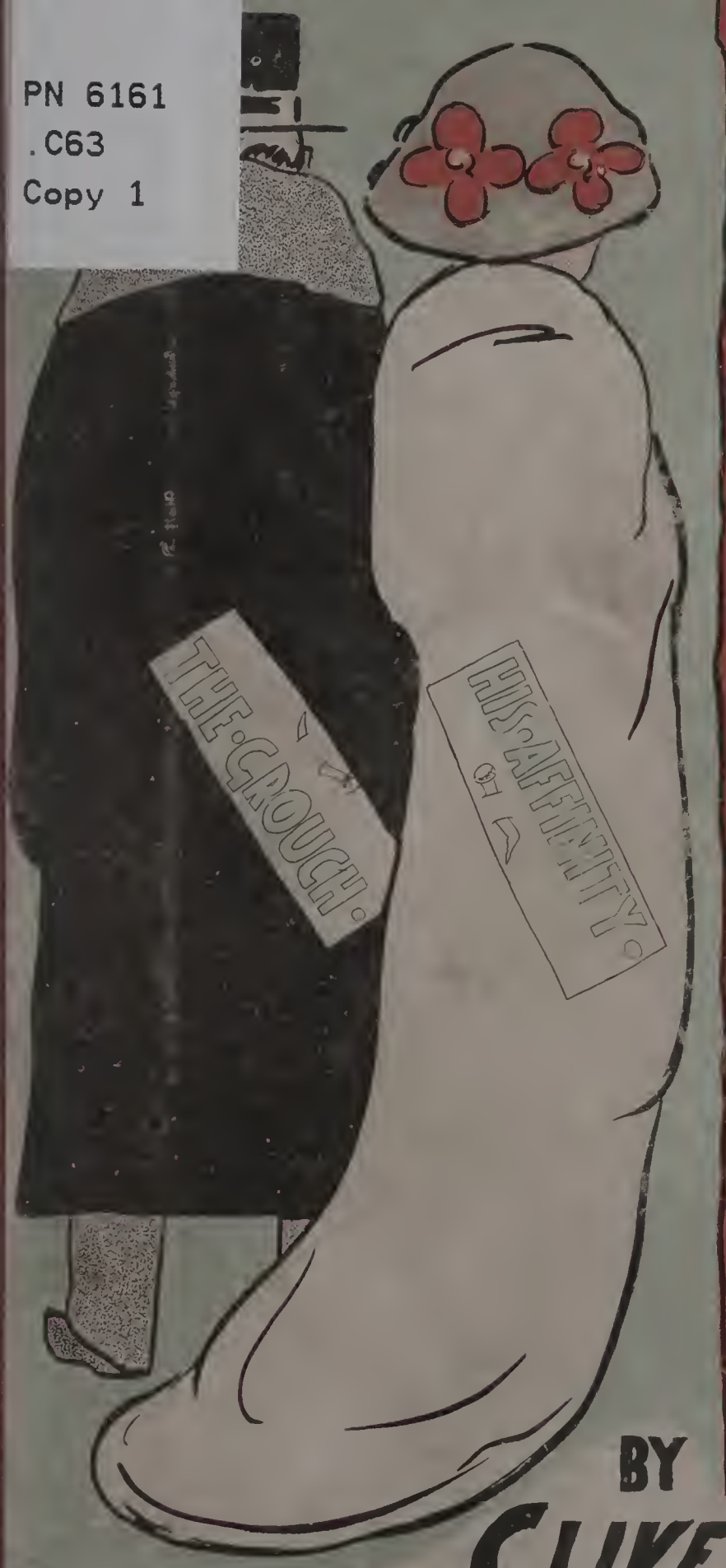

CAFÉ CACKLE FROM DUMPS TO DEL-MONI-CO'S

BY

CLIVETTE

THE·MAN·IN·BLACK·

Stories Heard in Cafés From Ocean to Ocean

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DEDICATION

This volume is respectfully dedicated to those who want to eat, laugh and grow fat.

THE AUTHOR.

CLIVETTE

THE MAN IN BLACK

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MYSTIC ARTIST

CAFÉ CACKLE

FROM

DUMPS TO DELMONICO'S

BY CLIVETTE
THE MAN IN BLACK

Side-splitting Stories overheard in Cafés throughout the country, and Incidents in the Life of a Wonder-worker

MORE THAN 125 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE AUTHOR

LAIRD & LEE, PUBLISHERS
CHICAGO

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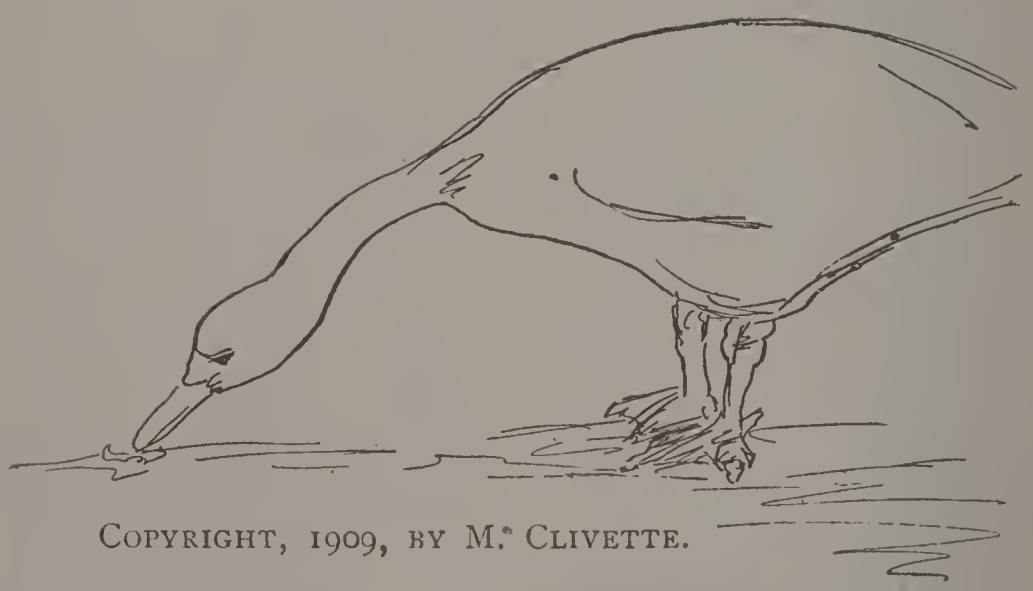

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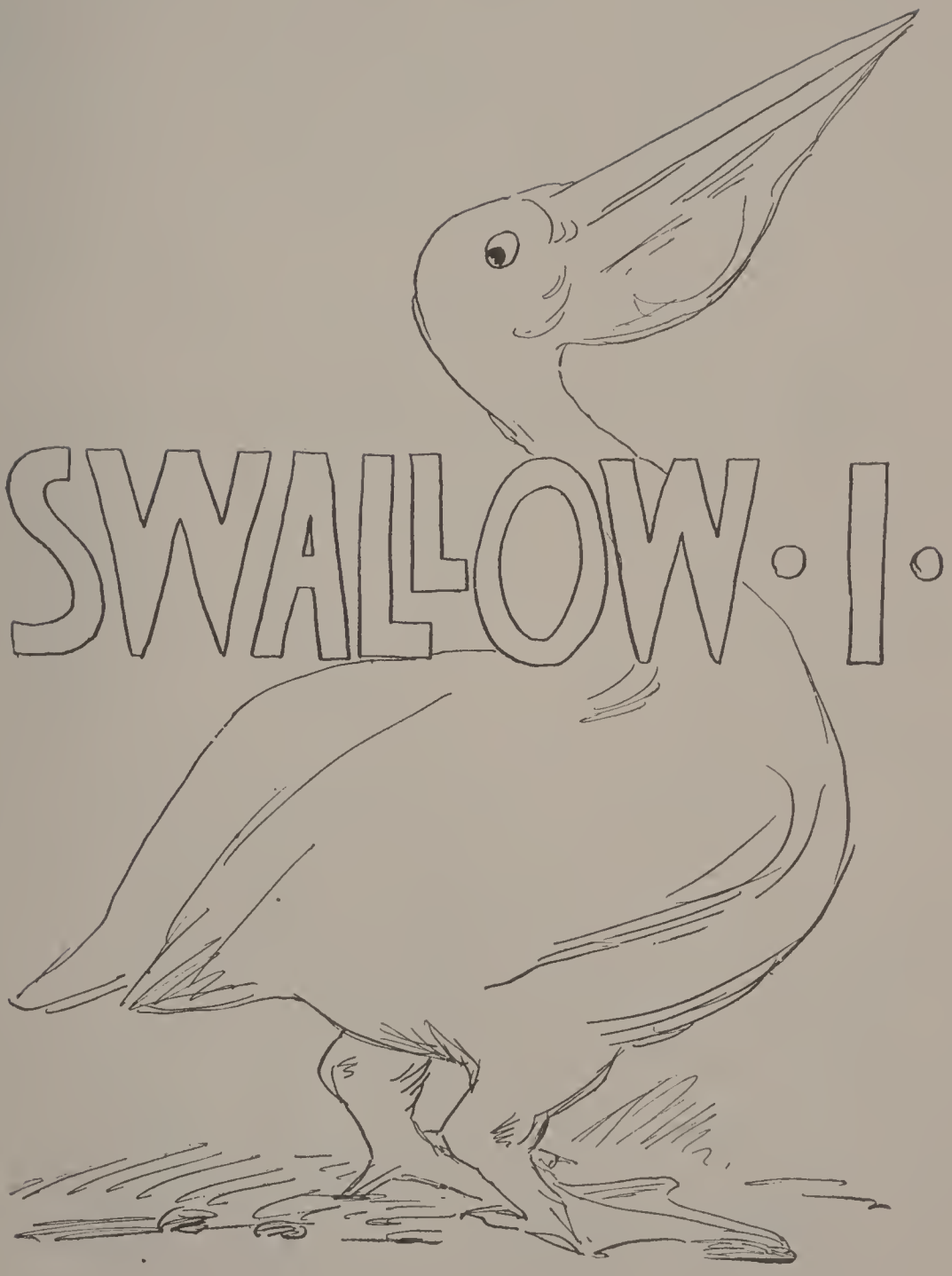
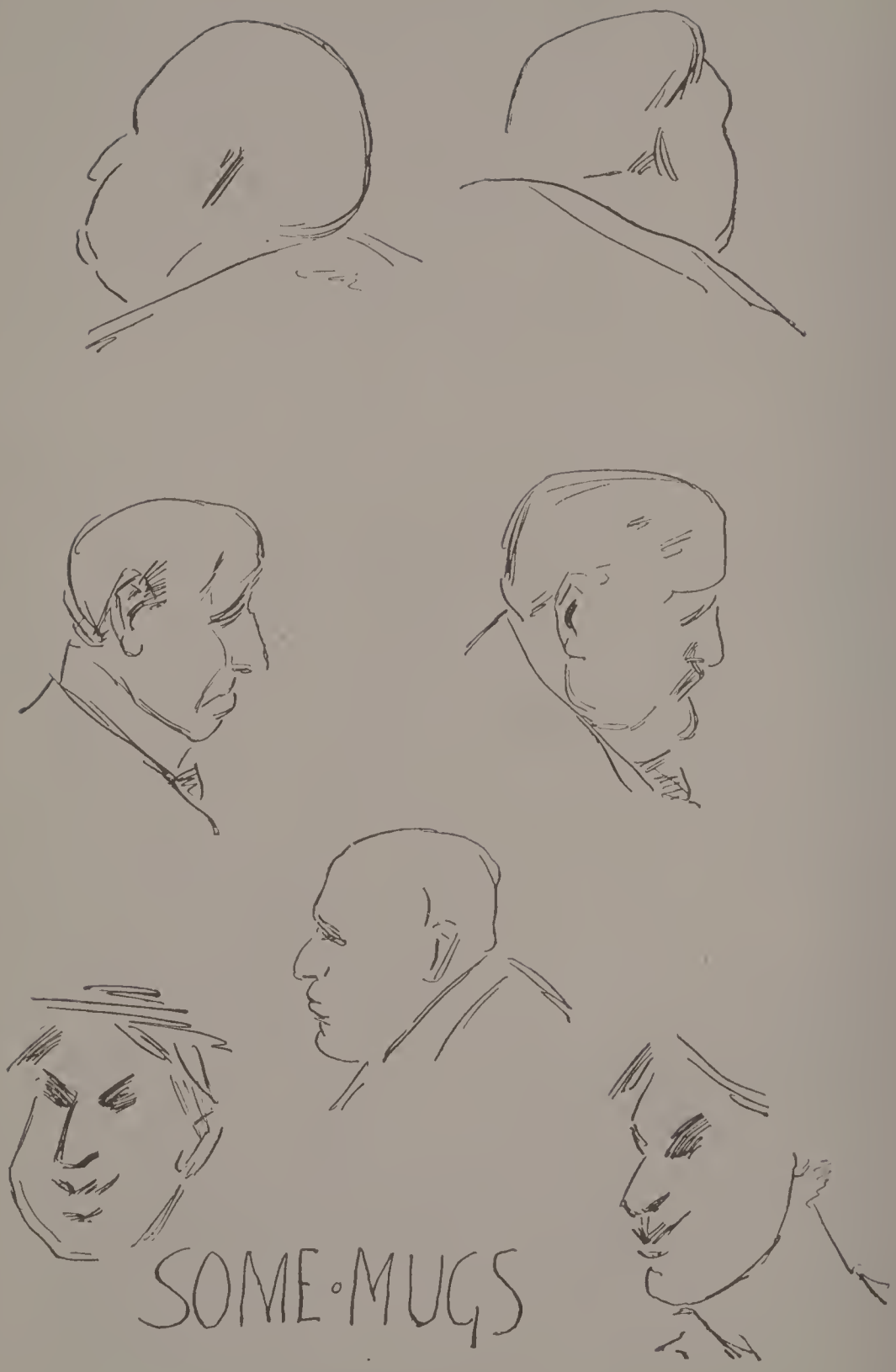
Preface

Most Americans visit public dining rooms more or less often, and thousands, of course, patronize the café regularly.

The "continuous performance" patron of the restaurant or hotel dining-room will, more than any other, recognize many of the odd characters shown in the free-hand pencil sketches that go with these tales heard in cafés from ocean to ocean — though ALL lovers of a hearty laugh should read CAFÉ CACKLE *and be happy, like*

"THE MAN IN BLACK."


SWALLOW·I·


SOME·MUGS

SWALLOW I.

Biographies are usually tiresome. The life of the author of this magnificent volume is no exception. I well remember, as a boy, how I detested anything that had a semblance of work —in fact, I was born tired. My delight as a child was to crawl out on the roof of the old oak house and watch the sun peep o'er the hills and bathe the landscape with scintillating beauty. As the air became warm, I would crawl down to the old apple tree beside the

roof and linger in the shady branches and listen to the birds sing.

At this early age, I conceived the idea that life means but little unless one does as one pleases. The thoughts of labor always had a peculiar effect on my sensitive temperament. At times I would become morbid thinking of it, and would drown my sorrow with anything luscious I could get hold of. In fact, it didn't seem to matter whether it belonged to me or not.

I have always been a chooser—where there was a choice.

Of course, there have been times during my checkered career when

"PRETTY!"

"SWEET!"

"AH!"

"MOSTLY FOAM!"

"IS IT?"

choice lingered in the lap of the languishing past.

At such sad moments I have been obliged to take anything within reach—but mind you, not without protest.

I love the beautiful.

I was born with a natural taste for everything good to eat—I have traveled the world over—up, down, backward and across—and have never found anything too good for my fastidious palate.

What a soothing effect fine old wine has on the jaded nerves—and how those nerves respond after a couple of bottles or so.

Well, I guess yes!

Cafés, restaurants and swell gathering places, where they serve the embalmed spirits of the festive grape of by-gone times, have always been my predilection.

How different life seems to those that have magnificently developed livers.

What a gaseous place this world is to those who know the ropes.

How easy it is to loaf and grow fat at the expense of others.

What a joy there is in spending other people's money. Really the spender is a happy being.

I remember once in the northern portion of California, an Irishman, by the name of Sullivan, and myself were broke, so we walked out in the suburbs of a beautiful little burg to enjoy the scenery and incidentally to hit a stray chicken in the head with a rock and roast same over a fire of perfumed wood. Sullivan could always throw well; he was once the sole proprietor of a baby rack, which he ran at the fairs. So I pointed out some smooth stones and a chicken and he did the rest, even to the picking.

We wandered out a little farther and came upon the bank of a rippling

brook of cool, clear water, overhung with grapes that dangled from the friendly branches of luxurious trees. While Sullivan was gathering the wood and preparing the fire, I noticed a bunch of hoboes about a hundred yards away having a "tuck-in." I gazed at them languidly and looked a few hundred feet beyond and spied a lone individual sitting under a tree. It occurred to me this individual was the one bright spot in view, of course, barring the chicken Sullivan was preparing to roast. I knew it would take fully half an hour to prepare this unfortunate, so I told Sullivan to yell

when it was ready, and I sauntered over to interview this lonely dreamer. I broke in on his peace—it was a shame—barring his six months' growth of beard and shabby appearance, he looked like a madonna. He was excessively poetic, and extremely communicative to me, as he said I reminded him of his long lost brother.

This may or may not have been true. However, he talked and he had a philosophy—and unlike most philosophers, he was putting his into execution. He had a theory of life—a working theory—but he didn't work—

He explained it to me thusly:

"You notice those men over there toiling—pointing at some harvesters —Well, first they clear that ground by chopping and grubbing; then they plough, put in their crops, attend to them daily, cultivating, hoeing, chasing off crows, rabbits and other small game, and at last watching with a keen eye the bugs that multiply as the heads gather and ripen. I sit and watch them until I get tired then I drowse a little, awaken and listen to the brook and the rustling leaves, watch the sportive minnow and the darting swallow and harken to the song of the merry thrush. As evening falls the

night birds chirp me to quiet dreams beneath this beautiful studded vault of blue. My life is one long-drawn strain of tranquillity. While the toilers toil, I look on with a loving sympathy, knowing God will reward them with a glowing harvest if all goes well. I note them reap the grain and watch them bind, stack and thrash it out, and then I see the tired ponies drag it to the mill.

"After many days it is returned in new, white bags and the busy housewife is up bright and early making it into pies, cakes and luscious biscuits.

I note the viands placed for cooling

—'Tis then I become loving, my sympathy extends to all mankind—I draw near the cooling place. And when they are cooled so that they can be comfortably carried, I take them away, and replenish the stream of my ebbing fancies—

"And thus I lead a life of cheer—knowing God is good."

THAT
HOUSEKEEPING
THING!

WELCOME

THAT HOUSEKEEPING THING.

In 'Frisco, before the quake, Kemp's, on Clay St., served a table d'hote that was very agreeable for the price. And the beauty of the place was you could meet all classes and all nationalities and the atmosphere seemed to teem with ideas.

Late one afternoon I strolled into the place and took a table on the side and sat back to look at the paper and have a quiet time by myself when a

strange-looking individual peeping from behind a post, said, "are you lonesome?" and smiled.

I looked up and said I was and asked him to come over, and tell me the news.

He acquiesced, and uncorked the following:

"You see it's like this: I was a married man and my wife had a family and they all liked me. They liked me to such an extent, they all insisted on living with me. Of course, where people in this world show a disposition of love, it is hard to hurt their feelings. And then you naturally feel it is your

part to be hospitable. Well, we lived on for a time. Not exactly lived, we existed. I did the cooking most of the time. None of the family cared for breakfast—only coffee and rolls. They liked to rest, as they called it, in the morning. We had several girls, but none of them cared to stay more than a week or two, as they said they could not get on to the combination as the whole 'shebang' lacked method. I thought I discovered method in nearly everything about the place, but then I couldn't convince those kitchen mechanics, so they departed one by one, and each time I would have to re-

plenish the kitchen, as the utensils seemed to take wings with the last users. The family said they enjoyed my cooking better than they did any of the girls', as I was neat and clean, and that was more than they could say about any of those nasty things.

"Now, don't think for a moment I am green, I have seen many things in my time, but that housekeeping thing is the limit.

"You get up in the morning feeling brisk, break the ice in the sink and get a few drops of water for your hair; turn on the gas for the stove and find the pipe "busted" and gas escaping.

"THAT'S · IT!"

"HA! HA!"

"NOT · FOR · MINE"

"SEEN · BETTER"

You rush out for a new hose, bring it in and attach it, and it is too large. Then you hunt for a string and tie it on; it works, but it don't look right. You reach for the coffee pot and manage to get enough water and ice to make a few cups for the family who are peacefully slumbering. You reach for the coffee can and find it empty. You get on your coat and rush out to the grocery and find quite a crowd waiting for rolls. In time the fellow puts up the coffee and tells you he has not the time to grind it, as he is alone, and adds, 'look at the crowd!' You clutch this coffee and rush up stairs,

kick open the door, slide in and reach for a hammer. You empty the coffee into a napkin, pull the ends together and hammer the life out of it, and each time you hit it you wish it were the groceryman's head.

"By this time the water in the pot is nearly boiled away. You fill it up and wait again. Of course, your reputation is at stake—good coffee must be made at all hazards.

"Just as it is done, you go out to the dumb waiter and find someone has stolen the cream. On goes that coat and hat again and you rush for the nearest dairy, three blocks away. By

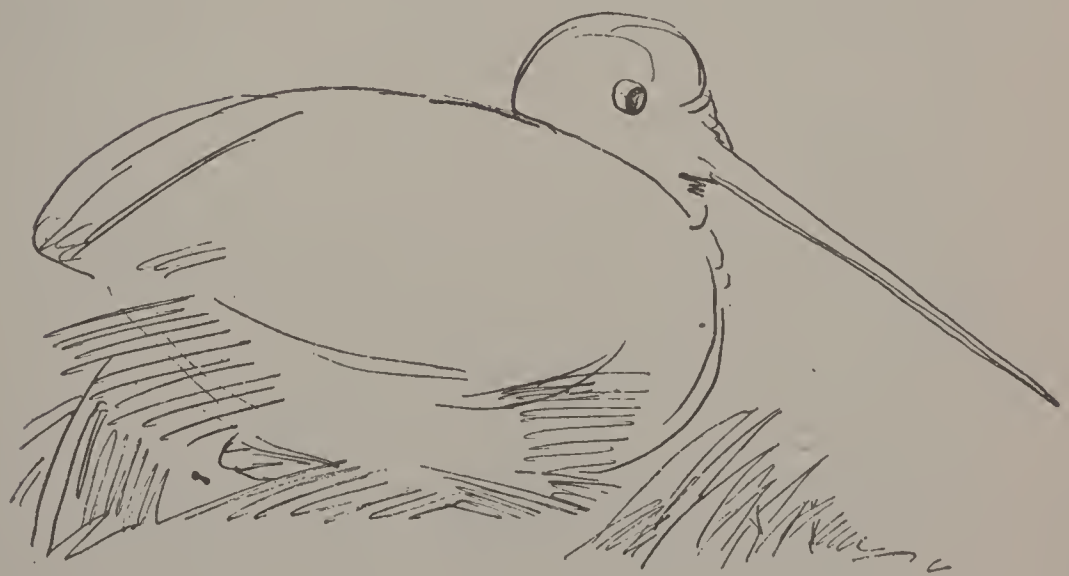
the time you 'hot-foot' it back the coffee is cold. And this same feeling seems to pervade the whole family. Even the dog growls low. Well, you twist this into yourself, and incidentally into the family, but it don't give satisfaction. The stomachs of any household will rebel at cold coffee.

"It's marvelous what a close connection there is between the stomach and the head. If that stomach is out of order the head is simply on the bum.

"The heads of this noble family took on a chaotic aspect. I made an agreement with my wife to board the family—that is, her family—and she nat-

urally stays with them. I pay the bills, they are happy, and so am I. The table d'hote for mine!"

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST!



THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

One afternoon about four o'clock my wife and I were walking down one of the main streets in Seattle, Wash., when an individual tapped me on the back and said, "Hello, Cull, where are you going?"

I turned around and saw a face I had seen before, but I couldn't tell where. I said, "Hello, glad to see you; how long have you been in town?"

"Well, I have been in this d——d

place about a week, and say, Cull, it seems like a year."

"We are just going over to the Rathskeller to have something to eat. Come on over."

He came! We walked down a side street to the ladies' entrance and down stairs.

When we were seated I passed 'round a bunch of bills-of-fare and said, "What will you have?"

He scarcely looked at the bill and said, "I'll have a piece of mince pie and a glass of beer; and say, Cull (addressing the waiter), bring along a

piece of cheese big enough to get my tooth in."

My wife ordered everything in sight and I laughed and said, "Bring me a quart of wine."

In due time the waiter staggered in with a load within and without, and muttered in a German dialect something about noodles, and his mouth watered.

I said, "alright, bring in a bunch."

I looked at my new-made friend and said, "have something else?"

He said, "alright; bring me some soup and another stein."

I laughed and said, "you are some-

thing of a Chinaman yourself, are you not?"

He said, "Yes, Cull, I like my dessert first, while my appetite is good. If you don't mind, I guess I'll have some of your wine," and he reached for the bottle and poured it into his stein, which was half filled with beer.

He ate his soup, drank his beer and wine, and ordered a beefsteak, Spanish, a plate of dill pickles and an apple dumpling and a glass of whisky.

He disposed of these and said, "Cull, I'm glad to meet you again, I guess I'll have a cordial and an absinthe."

The waiter looked as though he would drop dead—but he didn't. He was next to his job and brought in what was ordered.

My newly-made friend disposed of the drinks and ordered a cup of coffee, large, with plenty of cream.

In course of time the meal was finished and the German waiter knit his brow and handed me the bill, pocketed his tip and reached for my coat. As he was putting it on he whispered in my ear, "Do you think your friend will die?"

I answered, "I don't know. I'm go-

ing to stay with him a couple of hours; if he does, I'll let you know."

We walked up the stairs and into the street. The atmosphere was filled with fog and hard to breathe. I heard a noise, and I thought my friend was trying to eat it, but he was only making a few suggestions. He invited us up to his apartments. We went.

When we got on the inside we saw the dresser piled up with fruit of every description, oranges, lemons, apples, pears, dates, figs, raisins, shelled nuts, and the floor covered with bottles of punch, cocktails, Swedish drinks, rye whisky, Scotch ale and brandy.

"A · PEACH!"

—!!—!!

"LOVELY!" "DEARIE!"

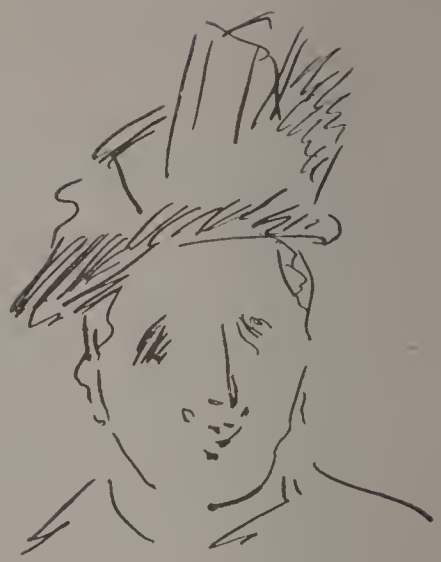
"MUG!"

He winked and pulled open one of the drawers and it looked like a delicatessen shop. Weinerwurst, liverwurst, salami, sausages of every size and color—all of the fifty-seven varieties, and a portion of each was ground into the velvet carpet. My wife and I laughed for fifteen minutes. So did our friend; but all the time he picked at this material as though he had never eaten a thing in his life.

Finally he said he felt a slight pain. I suggested it might be flatulency. He said he didn't think so, but he guessed he would have a little brandy.

I handed him the bottle and he took

"STUNNING!"



"OH·MARY!"

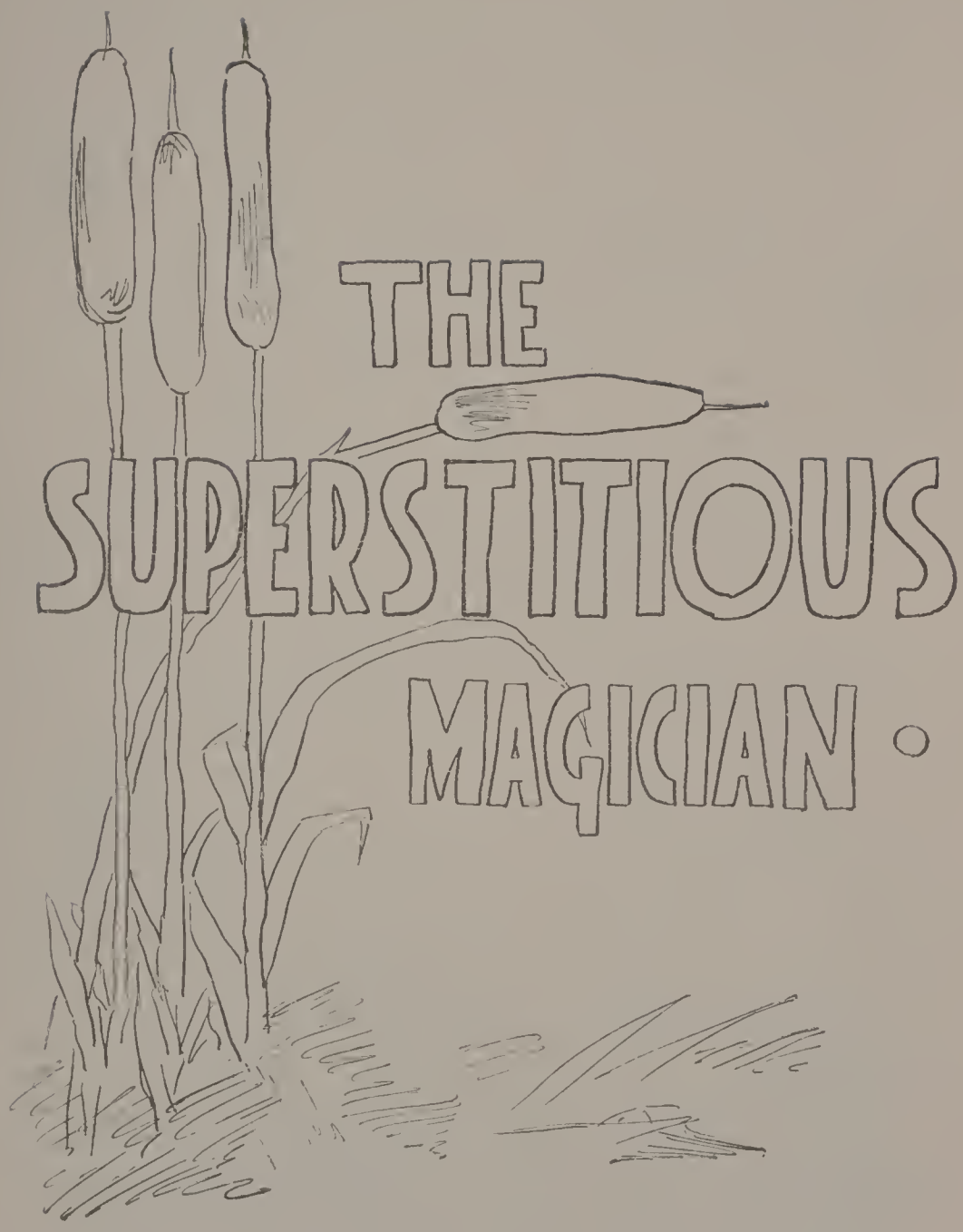
"SOUSE!"

"CHEESE."

"CAN·I·SAVE·YOU?" "DO·I·NEED·IT?"

"STIFF!" "CLEVAH!"

several large swallows and belched again. I asked him if he was ever troubled with indigestion. He said, "I guess not," and began peeling an orange. He ate this, chewed up a few caramels, sucked a lemon, and drank a large glass of Swedish punch. My wife and I looked on in amazement. He said, "Cull, I have found you can enjoy yourself in this world if you are only a Christian Scientist. I am one," and he reached for a bottle of whisky and added, "What does it matter?"


THE
SUPERSTITIOUS
MAGICIAN

THE SUPERSTITIOUS MAGICIAN.

During the Centennial, 1876, a magician by the name of Pazazo, made quite an impression with the visitors by exhibiting clever card tricks. These tricks seemed to border on the supernatural and Pazazo would take an oath he was helped out by the spirit world. He told this so much he fairly believed it, and at last took on such a mysterious air he was noticeable to an ordinary observer. He actually fooled

himself. He would practice clever manipulations before a mirror in his room and look surprised. He carried this same look when he appeared before the audience. And the idea actually got into his head he was the Old Boy Himself. He wore a Prince Albert coat on the street and on the stage and whenever he wanted to make an overly good impression he would let a long red tail, forked, drop down from under his coat and trail on behind, which usually provoked a huge laugh from the onlookers—who took it for a good joke.

Pazazo never laughed; he was in

—?!

"YETZS!

"SO?"

"SOUP!

dead earnest. He continually thought of ghosts, death and the spirit world. He talked of nothing else to his intimate friends, and to a brother conjurer he said, "Now we are both Masons, Brother Masons, and we understand each other. Now listen! If I die first I am going to let you know about the other side. And if you die you are going to let me know! Give me your word as a Mason! Your hand." The two clasped hands.

Now this friend Cafetetell, for this was his name, was not quite sure Pazazo's mind was in the very best condition, and the more he thought of it

the more he was sure Pazazo was clean off his "nut."

One night they were sitting in Cafetetell's room and Pazazo said after reflecting moodily for an hour or two, "I am going to die and I am going to visit you. I want you to remember this, we won't make this at 12 o'clock on Friday night. We will make this 11 o'clock on Thursday night. Now, understand, every Thursday night at 11 o'clock you be in your room with the light turned down low and listen. I am going to rap three distinct raps. Understand! three distinct raps."

Cafetetell turned pale and nodded

"GEEZER!"

"DUCK. $5!"

"CHEAP. GUY!"

"MUMM'S."
2 QUARTS!

his head. He looked at Pazazo and shrieked.

Pazazo had a razor in his hand and immediately drew it across his own throat. He fell forward on the floor in a pool of blood. Cafetetell fainted. When he came to he looked for Pazazo. Poor Pazazo had been taken to the morgue. Cafetetell looked around and found he was in a hospital. He didn't get out for six days. When he did he found Pazazo had been buried by the Masons.

Thursday night at 11 o'clock found Cafetetell in his room with the light turned low, waiting for raps.

They didn't come.

The following Thursday night he waited as before. They did not develop. He continued for a year, never missing a night. He intended giving up, but he thought to himself, "I will try this one more Thursday night at 11 o'clock."

On this night he stood in the center of his room, with his watch in his hand, and just as the hands reached 11 the raps same. Cafetetell fainted. When he came to he looked in the mirror and found his hair as white as snow. A pale pink mark reached from ear to ear. He believes in Spirits!

A·CHAMPION·

A CHAMPION.

Out at the Highlands, St. Louis, is a scene with attractive qualities, but like all attractive things by close inspection, develops a skeleton. We were sitting at a table gazing languidly over the view, which was hazy and mystical, and our minds conjured up all kinds of weird fantasies, when we were interrupted by a waiter shoving a couple of bills-of-fare in our faces, at least a foot across by two long. We asked if they carried the entire

bill in the kitchen, and he laughed and said, "I don't know, but I saw the cook bringing in a steak." His mind seemed to dwell on steaks and I asked him if he ran to steaks.

He said, "Well, you see that large building way over there on the hill? Well, I aught to be there—that is the asylum!"

"I'm surprised, almost delighted, but you don't look quite that bad. Tell me about this thing. How long have you had it?"

"Well, as there is no one in the place, and you don't seem to be in a hurry, I will.

"FUNNY!"

"N-EVER!"

"MAYBE!"

"YES!"

"You know this steak thing is on my nerves in two ways. I staked a fellow once to steaks. This fellow came in and ordered a meal and got to talking with me and said he had a chance to make a barrel of coin if he could get a little backing. I knew a lot of people and I asked him how much he wanted.

" 'Well,' he said, 'I'll tell you. You may not like the scheme, but it's a peach. I'm a lightweight pugilist, and I'm unknown in this locality, but I've been watching these scraps around this town and I can clean the bunch without perspiring a drop, if I can get a "wad" behind me and a place to train.

This town looks good to me. I've been all over the world and this place is a "downy pillow." '

"I had some money in the bank and a lot of friends, and I took an interest in this fellow, as he was so positive he could get all the money in town, I really thought I could see it myself, and I said, 'I'll see you tomorrow and I'll let you know.'

"As soon as I got through work I hunted up my friends and told them I had found a wonder. They listened and said 'we are in with you. Let's trim these wise sports around here and jump the town.'

"The next day we all met 'the wonder' and listened to his talk, and he made a great hit with us all, and we signed a contract then and there and put up the coin. We picked out the man we thought best capable to dig up matches and we set to work training our 'find.'

"He began by ordering a 'porterhouse and mushrooms, and McEwen's ale' and the way he laid away that steak was a caution. We knew we were up against the 'real thing' and were overjoyed.

"The manager got a bunch of trainers and rubbers, and a kit of junk that

would hold an army of athletes, and our 'wonder' got down to business. He was a wonderfully clever boxer, and everyone about the camp was in high glee, especially the manager, who said he would lay for big game or nothing. In fact he intended to take on the top-notchers one after another.

"But the days went by and the top-notch managers didn't seem to get together. But the 'wonder' kept right on eating, and the trainers and followers of the trainers also had to eat in order to keep in trim and the bank roll was being gnawed at both ends. It was more than evident to me that unless

something was done, and done quickly, our 'husky lightweight' would become a heavyweight. He seemed to lose speed as he gained flesh, and he was taking it on at an alarming rate, and his appetite, already enormous, was increasing daily.

"At last the camp, which was becoming gloomy, had a revival of spirits. The manager returned one day with news he had signed.

"This had such an effect on our wonder that he sat down and ordered a double porterhouse and three bottles of ale. The way he punished this was a shame—and we all thought what he

would do to the poor fellow our foxy manager had rounded up.

"It looked so easy one of the gang suggested it would be a good idea to send a note over asking for the stakes. It seemed cruel for our 'wonder' to take the trouble to punch the mug of this unsuspecting pug.

"Our manager said, 'Never mind, boys, we'll give the public a little run for their money and slip them the "ha-ha" after we have cleaned up the batch of pickles they have jarred.'

"We all had another round of drinks and feasted our eyes on 'the wonder' for a time, and went to bed.

THE·FLUTE·PLAYER"· "GREAT!"

"HUZZY." BUM!"

"Orders were given for an early rising, as work must apparently begin in earnest to get the right dope in the papers. Well, we worked the press to a fare-thee-well and had the people going and bloodthirsty.

"The night of the fight came around and we were in a glee. The house was filled and we were sure of getting the big end. Our 'wonder' was first in the ring and received a big ovation. He still had on his bathrobe—Turkish design. The man he was to meet soon followed and received a slight greeting.

"We all felt sorry. But we were

there for the money and waited for the gong. We all heard it. I can hear it still. It sounded like a funeral knell. The men shook hands and our 'wonder' seemed to lose his elasticity. The other man had hit him almost unnoticed; but there must have been something of the death-producing kind in that wallop. Our 'wonder' stood still for at least two seconds and then began to fall in several directions. The floor seemed to be alive, for it hit him all over.

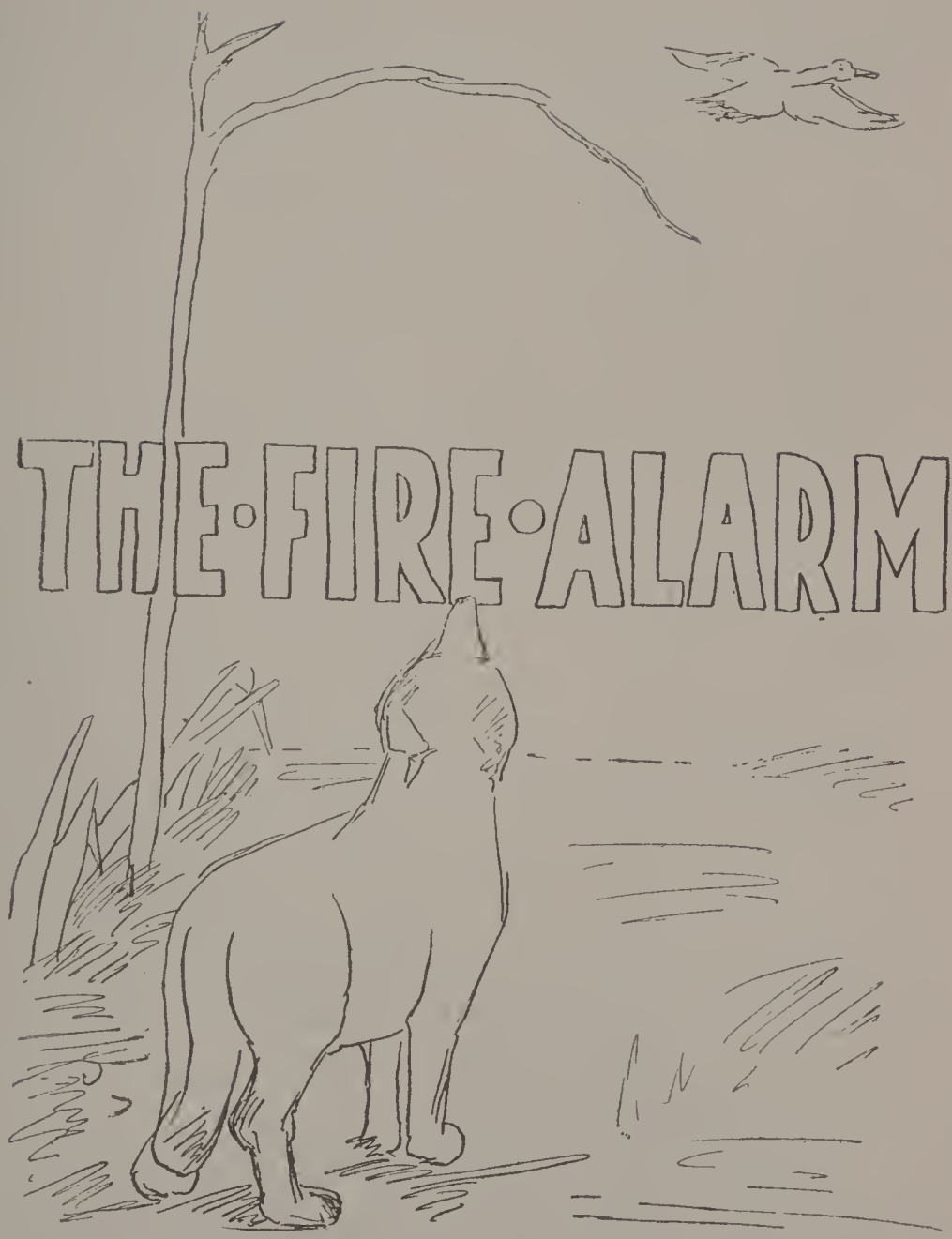
"The referee seemed bewildered, for he didn't begin to count for at least a half a minute, and when he did the

crowd began to hoot. Our manager was not in sight and hasn't been since.

"And when our 'wonder' came to, he asked, 'Where am I?' One of the trainers answered, 'You are sleeping on a porterhouse, you mushroom,' and we all sneaked out into the muddy night.

"No more of 'that fight game' for mine. I'll carry a steak, but someone else will pay for it.

"What's your order?"


THE·FIRE·ALARM·

THE FIRE ALARM.

In Lexington, Ky., during race week we were up against it for "fare." The town was jammed, streets crowded and hotels filled to the very halls, in fact cots were piled up like bunks in a Chinese joint. The dining rooms and restaurants were blocked, and every cook in the town was nearing the "daffy" house. Hundreds of green waiters were employed and kicks were registered by the million.

We got into one of the leading ho-

tels, and put most of our time in waiting for meals and watching the angry crowd. The lunch hour was the most disastrous of all in this particular hotel.

The dining room was a square a half block each way, and the waiters got to the kitchen by double-swinging doors.

Now old-time waiters understand that they keep to the right and follow their noses. The only thing the green ones thought of was getting through the doors.

The tables were filled and each green waiter—all colored—would take all of the orders, "Yes, sah!" and

"GRACIOUS!"

"IT'S SO!"

"YOU BET!"

"SHE DID?"

rush out and bring in the bill-of-fare to each guest. At least that was the intention of these "foxy" blacks, but the working out of the idea was another thing entirely.

Racing was in the air. Everyone talked it, and "speed" was the watchword.

Dishes piled up on the tables—a nibble out of each—and they had to be removed. The omnibuses were green, and piled them badly on trays, and lost their heads. The one thing they knew was to get to the kitchen, and most of them fairly flew, as they

had been threatened by "colonels" that looked "bad."

Six of the colored gentlemen were following each other single file, running with trays loaded up mountain high, with half filled dishes of soup, pie, beef a la mode, etc., and were doing well until they struck these double doors, when the black sheep leading struck the wrong door and came in contact with another chain of waiters loaded with food coming into the dining room.

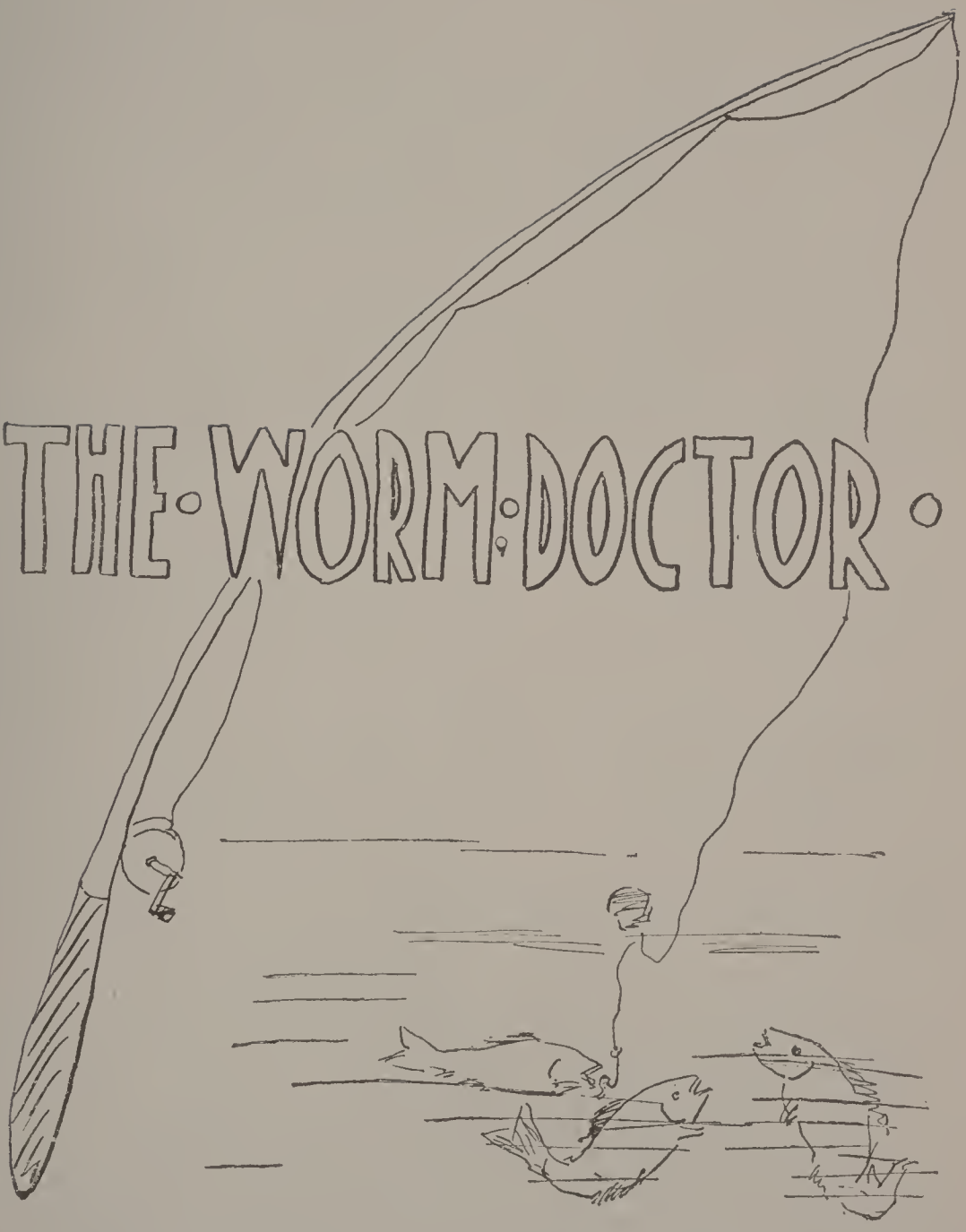
A like collision was probably never before seen on earth. There were at least a dozen waiters piled up in a

heap, and all looking like old men of the sea, dripping with seaweed,—the bunch took the cake. The trays seemed to take on intelligence for they began dancing jigs on the heads of these coons, and the soup ran over them like the oil poured down Aaron's beard. Their ears were filled with roast pork and apple sauce; pie was jammed edgeways into their eyes, and as they ducked and scrambled the dishes beat a tattoo on their empty skulls, and they breathed turkey stuffing into their lungs. They all got mad and went to pommeling each other and throwing the china. In two minutes

after the collision there was not a table standing upright nor a chair on its legs.

The women howled, screamed and became hysterical, and the men ran for their lives. Someone had sense enough to turn in an alarm but made a mistake and rang up the fire department, which, wonderful as it may seem, were on the job. They arrived, unreeled the hose, grabbed their axes and cut their way into the building—and flooded it with water. This put out the fire in the coons' eyes—and we all camped in the street that night.

THE·WORM·DOCTOR·



THE WORM DOCTOR.

I was sitting on a stool at a lunch counter in a town called McPherson, waiting for the train going East, when an individual with a twinkling eye came into the place and ordered a piece of apple pie and a cup of coffee. He looked at the pie as the waiter put it down and said, "I think those apples were wormy."

The remark struck me as ridiculous, at the same time rather out of place,—but I had to laugh. The stranger

turned to me and said, "You know I always talk business while taking my meals. I'm a doctor—worm doctor! Well, not exactly a worm doctor, but I have been talking worms of late, and they're on my mind. Did you ever have any?"

"Not so you could notice it," was my reply. "But tell me about it. I am just as interested in worms as I am in people. You needn't be a bit afraid, I am quitting this country and anything you tell me will be all right, I won't give it away to the community in this neighborhood, as I am a fakir myself!"

"IT'S RIGHT!"

"WELL!"

"DID YOU EVER?"

"PLEASING"

This seemed to put him on easy street and he became communicative and said, "I'll tell you how it happened. It was like this: I was broke, and I sat thinking it over. I had my head between my two hands, with my elbows resting on my knees, and I suppose my attitude suggested my state of mind to an observing stiff that happened to come along, who tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Cheer up, old boy, I've got a scheme if you have got the money!' At the word money my head slipped between my hands and my whole frame relaxed. The very thoughts of money exhausted me! But

in time I pulled myself to and sat up and took notice.

"I looked at this strange individual and saw he had the look of an educated man, and I also saw he looked unsuccessful. But I listened.

"He said, 'Young fellow, I think you and I will make a successful team. I feel lucky! There are a lot of tape worms in this country, and each one is worth money if we can find them. And we ought to be able to find them.'

"I said, 'Sure, I've hunted everything else on earth, and I think this is the opportunity of my life. Lay out your scheme and I'm on the job. Mind

"FINE!"

"ROTTEN!"

OCH!"

"HARD LUCK!"

you, I haven't got any money, but I have a ton of nerve, which is just as good, and I have a reservoir filled with hot air I can pump into language that is convincing if the fellow I meet is not an intellectual giant.'

"Well, the scheme is this: I am a full fledged doctor, graduated from Philadelphia in a 'jig-time' course and have a diploma that is a peach. We'll take a suite of rooms, post this diploma in sight and advertise and get the suckers to coming. Now all you have got to do is to convince them."

"Is that all?" said I.

"Yes, that's all—it's a cinch! All

you have to do is to tell everyone that comes in that he or she has a worm—a tape worm—not less than a hundred feet long."

"Not less than a hundred feet? And I suppose I can stretch that twenty-five or thirty feet if I feel good? But haven't we got to give them an ocular demonstration?"

"Sure, I have got that cooked up all right. You see this syringe," and he showed me a design drawn on paper of a big tin affair; "but," he said, "I won't give away the scheme until I see you are in dead earnest about it, as I know we can make a fortune and make

it quick. You go and find a suite of rooms and give the landlord a promise of a bonus, and we will go to a store down here that is furnishing apartments on the installment plan and get a fine outfit. We have everything to gain and nothing to lose. If the money comes in, they get it, and if it doesn't, they get it in the neck. But I really intend to pay them, as I know we can find the worms."

"Well," said I, "if you are positive about the worms, I am positive about getting the rooms and the furniture, and I know I can stand off the paper for the advertising as I am a 'beauty

bright with ink slingers. I can get a page without a cent.' "

"Well, we don't want less than a page," said the doctor, "and you had better take it for a month."

"I had to smile, and I agreed to go after the bunch—but I asked the doctor if he would come along and back me up, as I might not think of everything."

"No," said the doctor, "you go; it would not look well for me to go. You are my manager. See! I am the big doctor, exclusive, you know, hard to get at, as I am a busy man. Looks like business, you know."

"FAIR!"

"HORRIBLE!"

"SHE·DID·SO!"

"HOW·SAD!"

"Well, I started out, and as luck would have it landed everything we wanted. I never threw such a bluff in my life. I didn't even mention money while talking to them. I gave them the hurry 'gag' and rushed out, saying 'send it over immediately and send in your bill.' The only one that showed any hesitancy was the newspaper man, but when I told him a full page for two months he weakened and said 'all right.' We got the stuff in shape in short order and were open for business in two days after the scheme was mentioned. The 'ad' was a wonder! It convinced everyone that read it that

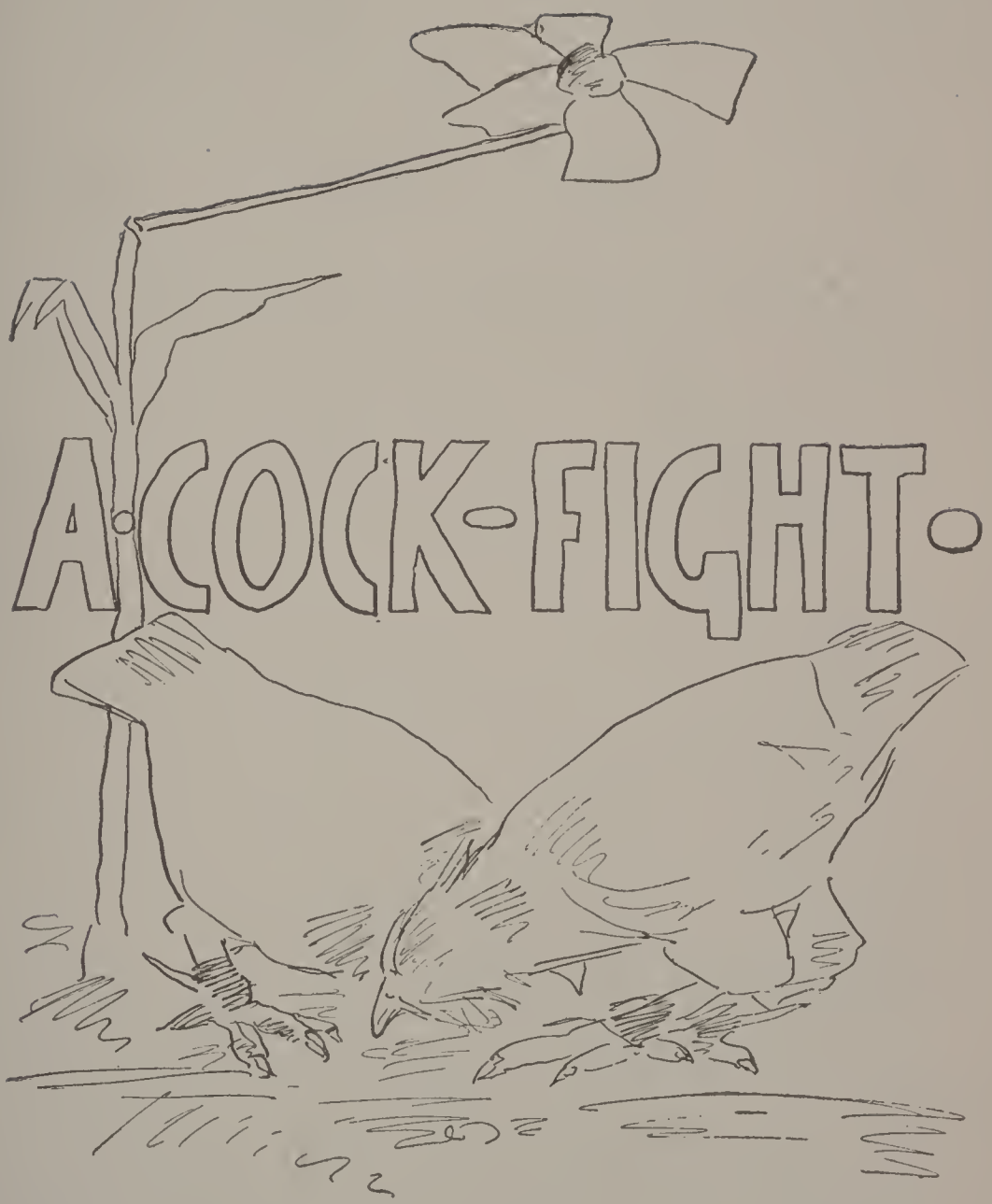
the doctor could cure every disease known to human flesh in a much quicker time than it took to catch it. The doctor remained in the adjoining room with his ear near the keyhole, and everyone that came in divulged secrets and symptoms that were alarming, which the doctor noted, and I suggested to each individual the probability of a tape worm. I then passed the patient on to the doctor, who verified my prediction, and gave all of the symptoms—which of course, were the same as were told to me by the unsuspecting patient. This had a stupefying effect on the patient, who immedi-

ately 'coughed up the dough' in the vernacular of the day.

"We guaranteed to refund the money if the tape worm was not brought away whole—head and all. This we accomplished in a magical way, and charged from $25.00 to $250.00 for each worm. We would give the patient a potion to drink that would make a horse sick. I would hold his head and the doctor would manipulate the syringe, which was large and contained a worm which was held in place in a cylinder by a flap that released said worm by touching a spring. I would talk to the patient in soothing

tones and tell him 'it would be all over in a few minutes' and would hold his head in such a manner that he would not see the doctor manipulating his syringe, and the worm would usually strike the bed-pan with a dull thud.

"This worm was removed from hundreds of patients, and each one was completely cured and we accumulated a fortune. Now you know why I talk worm."

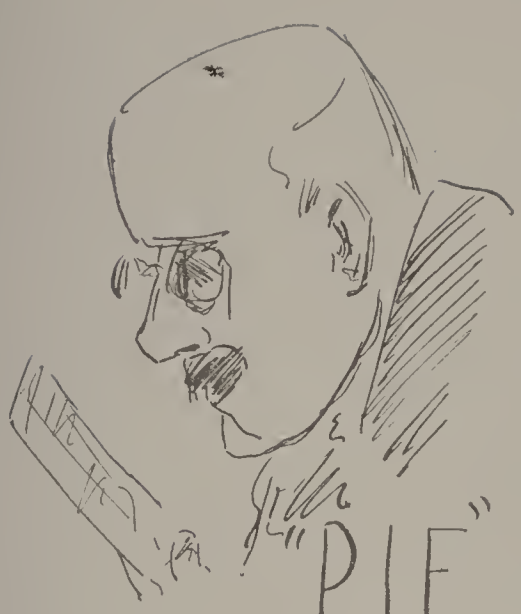

A·COCK-FIGHT·

A COCK-FIGHT.

On a muddy night in October I arrived in Chicago from Denver, after a wet trip and put out for a Bohemian resort that feeds all nationalities. After washing up, I dropped in for dinner and was singled out by a good old sport, who said he had met me in 'Frisco, and asked me if I would like an evening's enjoyment? I told him I didn't mind, and asked him what was on the program. He said, "We have a club over here on the river front where

we fight chickens. Of course you understand it is not allowed, but we stand in. A good many of the real boys belong—the politicians of the town, you know, and we have a nice quiet evening and sometimes many thousands of dollars change hands. All you have got to do is to follow me and look wise. I'll tip the door tender off, and there is nothing to it."

We finished dinner and started off. We walked down into a dark part of the town and chased along railroad tracks, climbed over box cars and finally arrived at a saloon with a small light in front. We entered, passed



"PIE"

"GREAT · MUSIC!"

"DID · SHE?"

"NO?"

through and arrived at a door that was barred, and a little panel was opened at a signal. We passed in. The air was rather blue with cigar smoke and a quiet crowd sat nervously watching a pair of chickens that were picking and spurring each other in the most approved fashion. Finally one of them toppled over dead, and the crowd heaved a long-drawn-out sigh and money changed hands with a click. My escort was surrounded in a jiffy and all wanted to know if he "thought he could pick a winner."

My friend was as game as the chickens, and he said he would back his

judgment with the coin, and added, "Follow me." We passed into another room where the coops were kept and he examined the cocks with a critical eye, and picked out a big-legged fowl and began trimming the wings, neck and tail, and sawing the spurs and adjusting the steels. He threw the chicken in the air a few times and watched him light, and was apparently satisfied that he had a winner. The other crowd had also prepared a fowl and the bunch retired to the pit and the sport was on. At least they called it "sport." The birds flew at each other at sight and began knifing each oth-

"BULLY!"

"HARDLY"

"YES SAH!"

"BAKED APPLES!"

er and it was apparent it would be a short fight. At the end of the first go it was found one of the cocks had lost his eye, and the other had been spurred through the gizzard. As soon as time was called again, money was put up on the length of time it would last and bets were made on the first death. The roosters were intent on destruction. A round more was nearly finished when one fell over dead and the other followed a second after. The decision was so close a general discussion took place and bad blood was caused between several of the spectators, among whom were two policemen

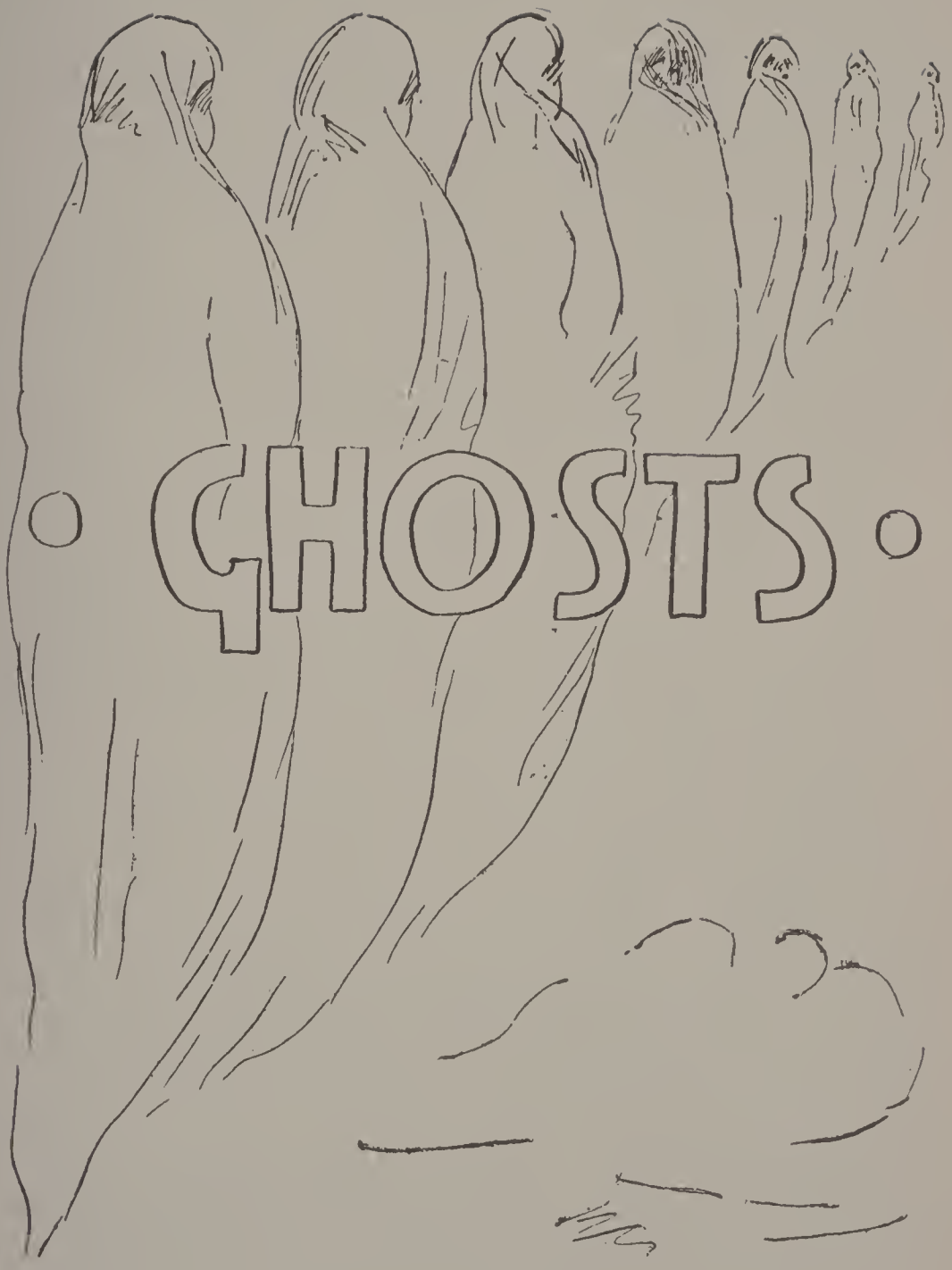
and three hold-up men. The discussion continued for some time and the meeting was closed and the crowd filed out into the saloon and tried to drown their sorrow in Bourbon. Several succeeded. My friend and I left the place and struck out for home. As we groped along the narrow streets and dark passageways, my friend intimated he was "leary" of the outcome of the evening's enjoyment as some of the "boys" were pretty "tough" and added the chickens were not all the trouble. "You know that policeman with the drooping moustache," he continued, "well, he stole a girl from that big fel-

low with a cock-eye, who is a bad boy, and I wouldn't be surprised if we heard of a killing."

This seemed so easy and pleasant I was overjoyed, and as we neared the house I was almost inclined to run and get under cover quickly and there await developments.

The next afternoon a notice appeared that a roundsman had been missing for a few hours and particulars of his whereabouts would be gracefully accepted at the precinct. The following morning a column appeared, and a degree of mystery seemed to surround the case.

Two days afterwards a whole page appeared with the policeman's picture and a photograph of the river where his body was found. Some thought it was foul play and others suicide. My friend said: "I told you so! That hold-up man did the trick. But it's just as well to keep quiet now that it's happened, as some of the other boys might get notoriety, and it would spoil our sport. I like cock-fights."


GHOSTS

GHOSTS.

One night after the show in Winnipeg, we walked over to a café and took a table in the corner under a light and ordered a lunch. The shadows fell about the place in a peculiar manner, and as there was nothing but the tables to gaze at we naturally dropped back on our own resources for amusement. The restaurant was empty and had an atmosphere of spookishness that was noticeable. The waiter looked like a ghost, and seemed to

drift in on the draft that came from the kitchen when the door was open. His eyes were deep set and looked like beads. The sockets were dark and the light coming from above gave the holes a much darker appearance than they would otherwise have had. He was tall and stoop-shouldered, and showed his upper and lower teeth when meditating and his nostrils were pinched as he took in and exhaled his breath which was short—in fact, it came near being a pant. The superior vertebra as it protruded from the black dress-suit didn't look unlike a skull.

"I VANT A MILLION!"

"NINE!"

"HIGH!"

"NICE LOOKING MAN!"

As I studied his contour, I had a feeling that was almost pathetic.

The ladies said they felt "uncanny-like."

I said, "I'll bet he is a Spiritualist."

I called him over and asked him "if anyone had died about the place lately!"

He said, "Yes, one of the cooks committed suicide last night; he used to commune with the spirits that flit about the range out there in the kitchen."

The waiter's voice was sepulchral and trembled as he related this incident and looked behind him in a

manner that would give a statue a chill.

There was a silence about the place at this moment not unlike a tomb.

I suggested to the waiter that the house was about as cheerful as a morgue, and asked him if he had any finger-bowls in the kitchen.

The meal we ordered remained untouched, and looked more like the viands on a Chinese grave than anything else. We waited ten minutes longer, and gazed vacantly into space —there was certainly a spell over the crowd. Finally we felt a draft and a chill creep up our spines, and as it ele-

vatored down again, the waiter floated in and deposited the finger-bowls beside our plates, and gazed at them with marked attention. A vapor seemed to come out of one of them, and the caverns in this skull-waiter seemed to light up. He was certainly "seeing something." The table seemed to move, and two or three knocks were distinctly heard, followed by a buzz that sounded like the rattle of an old rattler himself.

The waiter said, addressing one of the ladies, "Your sister wishes to communicate with you. She has just passed over. She left the body a few

minutes ago. Her earthly remains are in a room in Chicago, and he described the room with its surroundings and also the people, which the lady recognized as the family, and neighbors.

We were all incredulous as we gathered our wraps together and filed out of the place.

The next morning the lady received a dispatch announcing the death of her sister the night before.

THE·HUNGRY·GIANT·

THE HUNGRY GIANT.

One beautiful day in the month of May, we left New York for Stamford, Conn. Our leaving was fraught with much anxiety, as we took a girl baby on the journey for the first time. This mite of humanity was active, and attempted to eat seats, plush and all and claw into everything we passed, and at last succeeded in clutching into an old gentleman's hair with both hands and bringing him out of a peaceful sleep, and yelling because she couldn't pull

his whiskers out to the amusement of all on the train, with the exception of the old patriarch.

At last we landed in Stamford and called at an address we were given by some professional friends, and were greeted by a German lady who informed us she could accommodate us with rooms, but she didn't think she could with board as she was short of help and must clean house, as it was May.

I finally persuaded her we were easy to please, and would pay her more than her regular price and she acquiesced.

"NIX!"

"DUCKY!"

"PEACHERINA!"

"A-LULA!"

We had got comfortably settled when we heard a ring, and also heard another bargain going on in the hall and we guessed it was another professional seeking a home for a week. But this individual beat the lady down below her regular price, stating he was not a large eater for his size.

Of course, we overheard this conversation through the transom and it sounded all right.

At supper, we discovered our error.

This individual was not "a large eater for his size." He may have been conscientious, but his size was enor-

mous. He was 8 ft. tall and weighed 550 pounds.

He ate with great deliberation, but the mouthfuls he took would frighten a wolf. A platter with eight cuts of steak (for as many people) disappeared in as many mouthfuls, and his eyes glanced around for more. Dish after dish was emptied with a precision that was remarkable, and as the landlady saw her Sunday dinner going to rest under the belt of this giant, large beads of perspiration stood out on her temples, for she knew some of the other people would be in shortly, and expect a little, at least. The stores

were closed for the day, and things looked panicky.

The landlady was pale, and a shrewd observer could see she was figuring how much she would lose on the week, if this man's appetite kept up.

However, she braced herself up and ordered the girl to bring in the dessert. Now, it so happened this gentleman had a sweet tooth and the way he filed away that pie was amazing.

He asked if he could have "just one piece more, as it was delicious."

The girl informed him she was sorry but there was no more in the kitchen.

I asked him if he would accept mine, as I never ate pie.

He accepted it and it disappeared as though some magician had conjured it, and I handed him my wife's pie when she was looking in the other direction.

He whispered to me that he was "ashamed to take it," and I said, "Never mind, so am I."

In a twinkling this had vanished from the plate, and he looked around in a weird sort of way, and said: "I guess I'm done." I said, "No! it's the landlady!"

He didn't seem to catch this, as he

"LOVELY!"

"I GUESS!"

"NOT·SO!"

"WILL·SHE?"

was apparently no joker—but in dead earnest. The thought struck him there was some coffee coming, and he whispered to the girl to bring it in.

I also whispered, as she passed me, to bring in a pot, as nothing short of a gallon would do.

She took my tip and brought in the pot that was intended for the crowd.

He drank this after he had sweetened it with a bowl of sugar and a pitcher of cream.

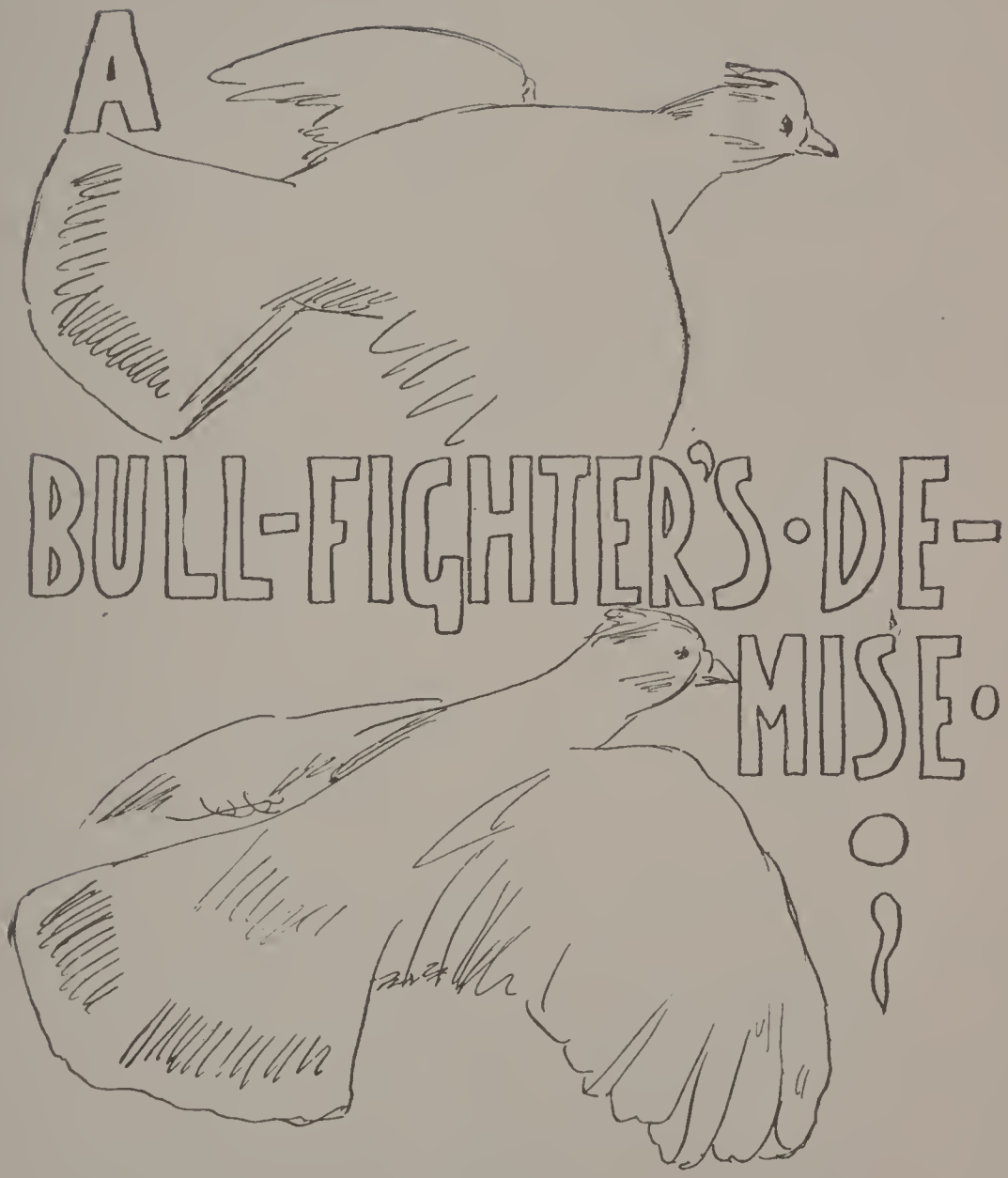
He asked me if I wanted to take a walk with him, as he "usually walked after his meals, as it gave him an appetite."

I strolled out with him and winked at the landlady as I passed.

We walked about the town for about an hour, and he spied a lunch wagon. He felt hungry, stopped and ate three pies—a custard, a mince and a pumpkin. He then went to bed.

His appetite continued unimpaired for the week, and when he paid the landlady, he told her he had enjoyed her cooking very much, and although he learned he could have got board cheaper at some of the other houses, he was satisfied.

The landlady let it go at this, as she was satisfied to have her happy home.


A
BULL-FIGHTER'S·DE-
MISE·
O!

A BULL-FIGHTER'S DEMISE.

At a table d'hote on 25th St., New York City, a Spaniard asked the waiter if he "knew that funny looking gentleman over there?" meaning me.

The waiter told him he had seen my face published in the papers as an astrologer, and my pictures in front of several of the theaters doing different specialties, so he guessed I was a fakir.

This information was accepted by the Spaniard as being about the truth. But there is something deeper in Na-

ture than we know that causes people to be inquisitive about "funny looking people."

This incident worked out peculiarly.

At the time, I had a School of Occultism on the avenue, was painting a few pictures, writing a little on anatomy, and turning out a few books of poems, juggling in the theaters, and doing mind-reading in the drawing-rooms. Consequently my unoccupied time was filled with gladness.

During one of these moments the bell rang and as the door opened I recognized the Spaniard who had taken

"PIG'S FEET-BAH!"

"WEINNIE-YES!"

"FINE!"

"CLASS!"

the trouble to inquire about me while digesting his table d'hote.

He looked at me incredulously, and said: "So you are the astrologer?" I bowed and asked him if he wanted me to cast his horoscope.

He evidently wanted it for he reached for his pocket-book.

I threw up a figure and read it for him and predicted his death in just two years, telling him he would be killed in Mexico, by an animal.

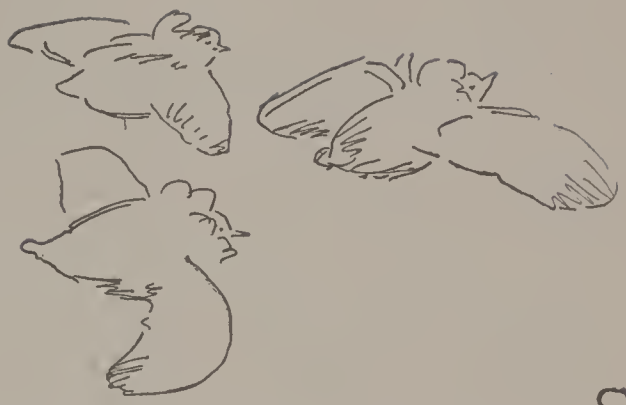
He laughed and said, "The waiter called you a 'fakir'—he is right."

He shook hands with me and left.

Two years and three months after-

wards I was in Cuba playing the Payret Theatre with my company, when a lady sent in her card asking for an interview.

I saw her and she told me she was the wife of a bull-fighter, who had been killed three months before, and showed me the figure I had thrown up predicting his death. She also presented me with a large sun-opal ring that was taken from his finger after he expired. I wear the ring to remind myself "I am a fakir!"



AT · DELMONICO'S

AT DELMONICO'S.

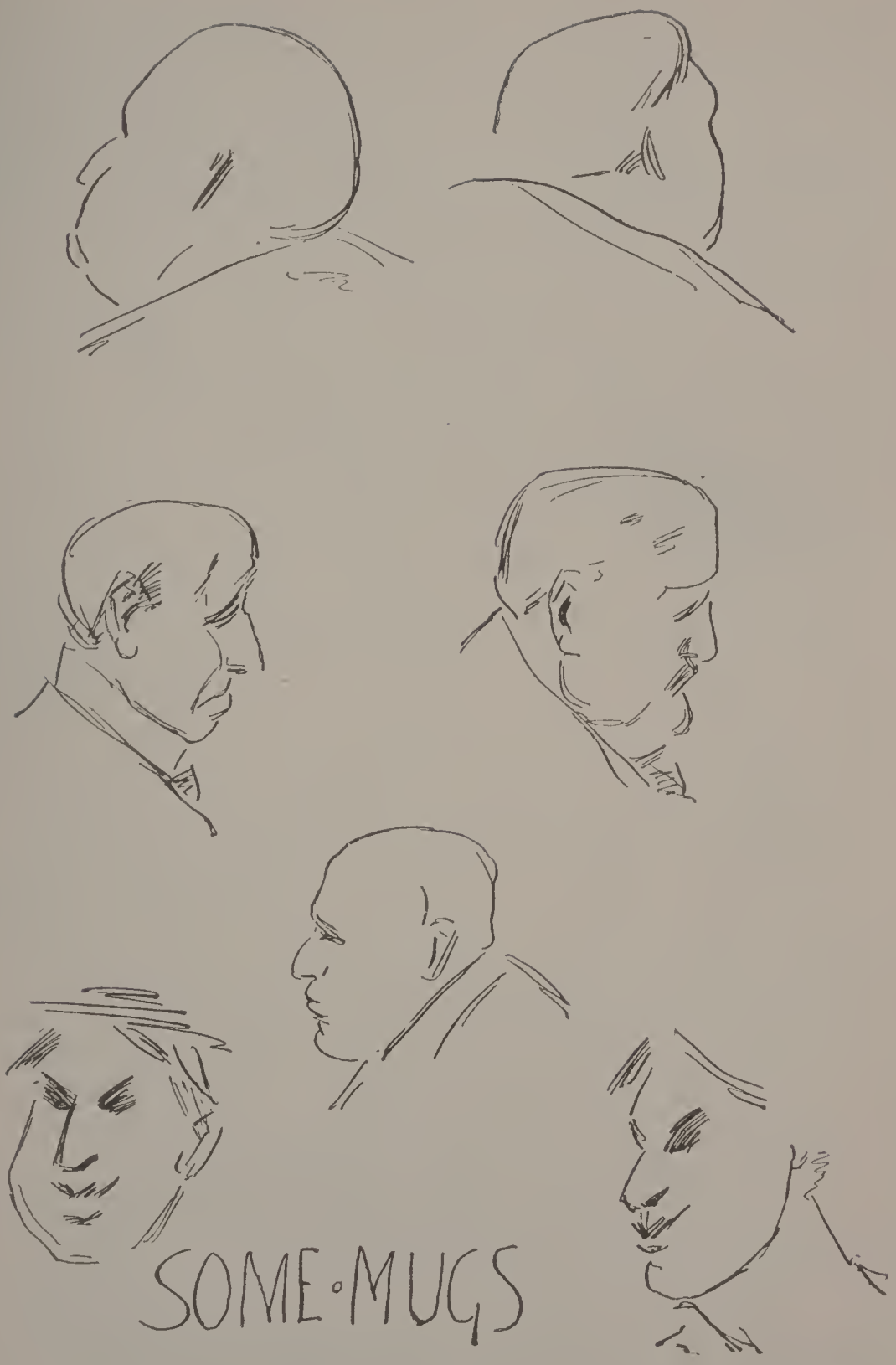
The Metropolitan Museum of New York contains many wonderful masterpieces. One day as I stood in front of a portrait by Velasquez, a gentleman asked me if I liked it. I was much amused, so I turned around and looked at this gentleman's face. He looked every inch a noble crank. He was long-bodied with a large head, covered with curly auburn hair, dropping over a massive brow. His nose was short and broad, and the eyes wide apart, large and brown. The legs were

short and thick and looked more like stumps than shank automobiles.

His clothes were loud and expressive. The tie was red and had a large diamond in it.

On talking with him, I detected he was a Socialist. I also told him I was something of a Socialist myself, whereupon he said: "Put it there," holding out his hand.

Continuing he said: "Are you married? If so, get your wife and I'll get mine and we'll go over to Delmonico's and have dinner—and when I say we'll have dinner, we'll have dinner, see!"


SOME·MUGS

He certainly had ideas about Socialism, and the more he talked, the more I knew he was a Socialist.

When my wife and I met him and his wife at Delmonico's, we were certainly a Socialistic party. When we left, we were Socialistic inside and outside.

At the table his size loomed up and looked imposing, as his torso was about the only thing in sight. The table hid his legs, and before we had cut many blocks into that "menu," I felt as though I would like to get under that table and play peek-a-boo with the passersby.

He insisted on wine and then some

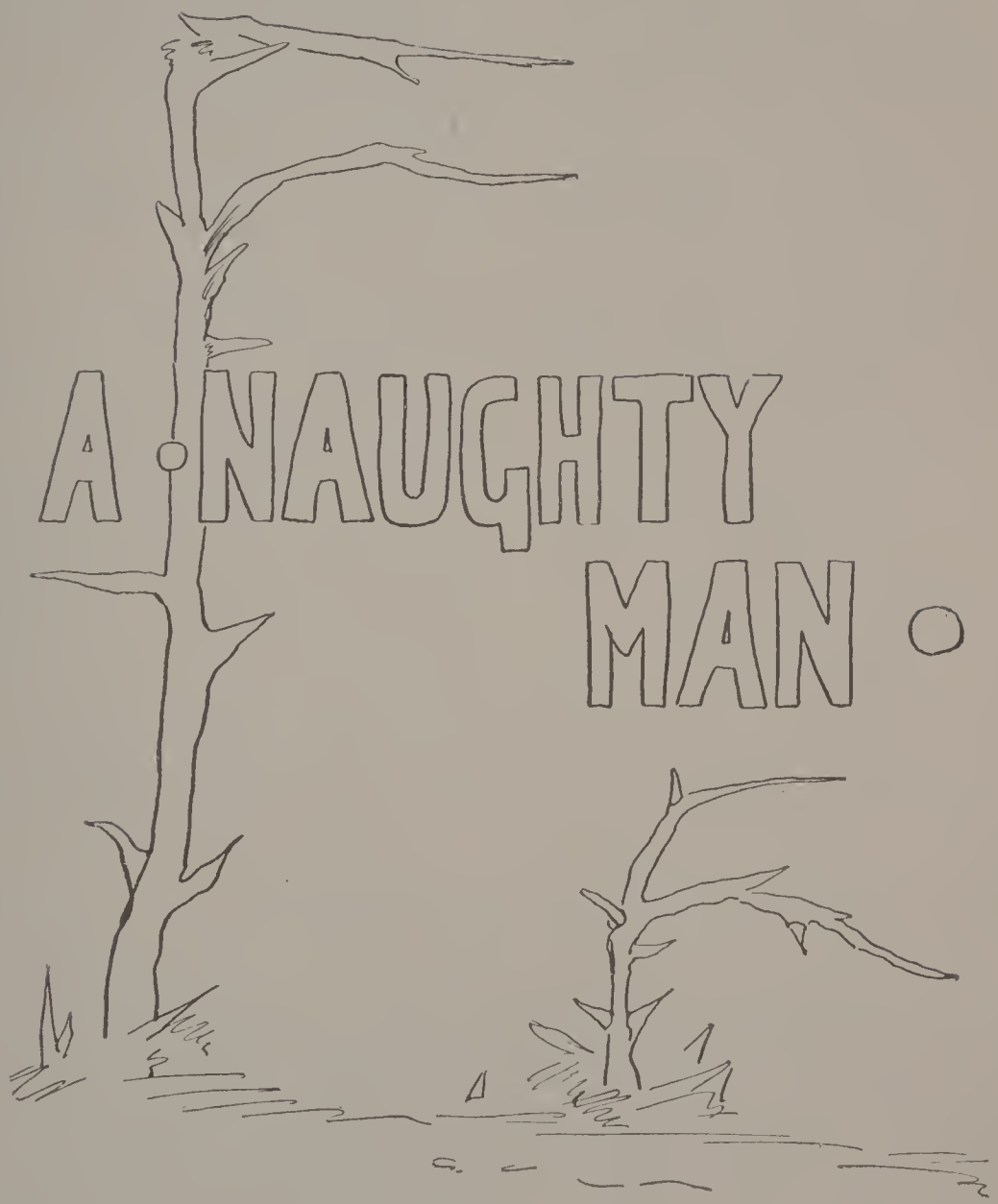
more, and the more he drank the more of a Socialist he became, until he insisted on getting on the table and making a Socialistic speech to the "non-socialists" present.

The head waiter came over and tried to explain, but my friend kissed him and called him brother.

Finally, we were urged to get out of the place by a gentleman dressed in beautiful blue broadcloth, but not before liquidating the bill for liquids, terrapin and canvas back.

The check called for $84.00.

My friend handed the waiter a $100 bill, and added, "Keep the change (hic) I (hic) am a (hic) Socialist."


A NAUGHTY
MAN

A NAUGHTY MAN.

At Morton's New York, you see all kinds of people that like a good meal. The atmosphere of the place is rather easy, and many fine tales are told, if one has an ear that is properly trained and an eye that is a little above a salmon's. I mention this seeing quality as it is a well known fact, if a person is observing, many a drama is caught without words. In fact, there are expressions that have a deeper effect on the system than any language that has

yet been coined. I got in the place one evening rather early and got a table in the corner and took my seat where I could watch the crowd, and observe the gathering.

I always stand in with waiters, and many a fine tip I get from these fellows, who have usually traveled extensively, and are much more observing than the majority of people. They may take orders, but don't forget they usually note how the order is given. You never know who you are liable to meet waiting on you. The man who waited on me this particular evening was a nobleman, whom I had met in

the drawing rooms of London. And bear in mind, noblemen are not all dummies, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

This fellow was a fly "gazabo." He knew nearly everyone that ate in Martin's, and came near knowing what they followed and had a fair line on their bank account. He certainly had an eye for the ridiculous, and was a detective of no mean order, for many a time I would ask him to get a line on a party and he would come back with the desired information and impart it to me gracefully while removing the dishes. And sometimes he would

carry on a conversation through the different courses without the people at the next table "getting next." He had seen many sides of life, and was an optimist, at least he was when he saw me, and was very communicative. On this particular evening a party came in and he placed them near me, and tipped me off that a romance had happened to the girl with a large hat, and explained it in very choice English, sometimes it was too choice for publication, as he had an honorable streak and rebelled at some of the outrages that he came in contact with.

This girl's life seemed to be a balm

to his philosophic disposition, as the finish of a love affair proved.

He related the story to me and garnished it in language that would look rather tobasco-like in print, but the answer to the affair was this.

The lady in question had been a frequenter of Morton's for several years, and one evening with a party of friends he had overheard the following conversation. This young lady was keeping company with a gentleman and engaged to be married in two weeks, the announcement having been made, etc., along the conventional lines of staid society, and everything

seemed to be going along nicely, in so far as Mable Hempston knew—for this was the name of the lady in question.

Now, apparently, Mable didn't know much, for in the very party that she was with sat her very dearest girl friend, Lula Parns, who looked as innocent as a turtle dove. Innocent faces, baby faces and confidential eyes with loving frankness are misleading, for the story goes that Lula was onto her job—that is she thought she was—for she had evidently been making angel-eyes at Frederick Lorton—the gentleman that had notified the public

through advertisement of his intentions of marrying Mable Hempston.

Frederick evidently fell before these liquid orbs of Lula, as others in the party had detected, and were even "on" that there was something doing. One of these old matrons, by way of diversion, asked Mable why she had broken off with Frederick.

Mable answered she hadn't heard of it, and stated she had an appointment with Frederick Wednesday night.

The old matron intimated somewhat sarcastically that perhaps Lula could break the news gently and ease her childish mind.

However, Mable saw Frederick on the appointed Wednesday and was told by Frederick when she asked him about the rumor, "that it was true, but he thought he would spare her feelings as he knew how she loved him!"

Mable came near having heart failure, but she braced herself up, and he asked her if she would act as bridesmaid at the marriage of himself and Lula.

Mable swallowed a few times and accepted this delightful proposition.

He said he was glad to see her so brave, and would always be her friend and he knew Lula would.

Some More Mugs!.

After he left that night Mable was of the opinion that delightful friends don't "cut much ice" in this neglected world.

Mable swallowed the lesson in chunks, and it seemed to have a medicinal effect, for one of her eyes was opened good and wide, even if the other was on the bum.

She saw them married, and noted the love-light in their darling eyes.

She returned to her home with a lighter heart, as she felt there must be something wrong about this boosted love-god.

The sun came up the next morning

and all seemed fairly well to her and the verdure seemed to be holding its own. That evening old Sol dipped behind the hills and came up smiling as of yore, and the year finally rolled around.

Lula called on her one evening and said, Frederick had gone out with some of the boys, but would probably be back and take her home in an hour or so.

Mable listened and looked. She observed the love-light had left Lula's eyes—especially did she note this love-light was apparently b e i n g

chased when the name of Frederick came from between Lula's teeth.

Frederick came in all right! all right! !, but not until 3 o'clock in the morning, and instead of his taking Lula home, she took him, with the assistance of another strong man who was wont to do odd jobs about the neighborhood.

Lula also intimated in plain, undeniable English that the "d—d brute had been getting in in the same condition for the last three months!"

When this trio disappeared into the dismal gloom, Mable patted herself

on the shoulder and ejaculated "lucky dog!"

Mable went abroad, studied music for three years, came back an accomplished musician, and married a Governor's son, who is a model husband. They are very happy.

Frederick is a patient at Ward's Island, and Lula is doctoring with a specialist.

The love-god is certainly a joker—"be-times."

A
LOVING·COUPLE·

A LOVING COUPLE.

The City of Salt Lake abounds in cafés that are fitted up with boxes that are nearly private, that is, they are private to the extent of partitions that are eight feet high. The table is large enough for two and everything is done to make things agreeable. In fact, a couple going into these boxes feels very much at home.

You can talk fairly loud withou being heard in the next box, unless the ears of the occupants are rabbit like.

There are people in this world that are "skittish"—and sometimes nearly alive to surroundings.

A case of this character happened in one of these cafés that caused many a Mormon to wink an eye.

It seems a gentleman had met an affinity in some extraordinary way and had invited this lady to have dinner with him at one of these cafés, and of course had sense enough to take a box so as to make the lady feel free from embarrassment, as some ladies are a trifle nervous when going out with even an affinity for the first time.

Of course no one knows whether the

Give some More!

electro-nervo fluid is going to flow just right or not. This is sad, but true.

It proved both sad and true in this case.

The gentleman neglected several things.

And strange as it may appear, the lady neglected asking several questions she should have asked.

The gentleman neglected telling this lady he was a married man.

And the lady neglected telling the gentleman she was married, and she also forgot to tell him her husband was a big bruiser and frightfully jealous.

Lovers should always be honest

with each other, but they seldom are, for some unknown cause, unless it is they are so absorbed in this deep subject, that there is not space in the small craniums to hold real honesty.

However, they were in the box and had the good fortune to get down to the coffee without a serious mishap. Of course the wine had got to circulating like a bunch of needles, and each felt rather gleeful, and an occasional "snicker" was heard to escape from the box.

Now it seems the wife of the gentleman had been out doing some Christmas shopping and was late, so she con-

cluded to drop into the café and have dinner.

By some peculiar law of attraction, she was placed in the next box to this now gay and loving couple. She evidently heard the small laughs escape from the adjoining box, and strange to say she was not pleased—her nerves were probably a little tired from the shopping.

But the laugh seemed to grate on what she had left.

The waiter had brought her in a large tureen of soup, and followed this up with ribs of beef Spanish with spa-

ghetti and tomato sauce, and a few juicy vegetables.

She had been so intent listening she had not eaten the soup, but the waiter was gentleman enough to leave it and make a sneak, closing the door softly behind him.

He may have thought it was not necessary to disturb her in her thoughts.

He may also have thought she looked dangerous!

She evidently was throwing off a feeling—but not of love.

She decided quickly she was not hungry, but she had in mind what she would do with that meal, and she act-

ed with surprising alacrity. For she heaved it over the partition, dishes and all.

That there was an attraction in the adjoining box was soon evident, for two of the most dilapidated specimens of love came butting into the aisle, that one would care to look at.

Their hair was dripping with soup, spaghetti and beef clung to their clothing and the Spanish was in their eyes.

The crockery falling sounded like an earthquake, and the people were sitting up and taking notice from all sides.

And to make matters worse, the affinity's husband came in and saw this

man mixed with his wife and immediately drew the conclusion they were both out of the same stew, and lost no time in punching the head of this poor love, which must have been soft, for it puffed up at each smash like whipped cream. At last they were separated and they went on their way as originally paired.

The only difference between the couples was one gentleman had a large head, while the other lady had two black eyes. One eye came from a platter, while the other was handed her for a Christmas present by the lady who had lost her appetite, but knew what to do with the meal.

A PHONOGRAPH AFFINITY

A PHONOGRAPH AFFINITY.

One afternoon in February we strolled into Kanton's, Omaha, and ordered a steak and whiled away the time during preparation in drinking a couple of bottles of Swedish porter and listening to the amusing remarks of the Captain, John Camtens, a citizen of Copenhagen, and a waiter on the world at large. John, like the rest of humanity, has had his troubles and joys in all parts of the world. He has sold recipes for sauces, dressings, etc.,

to the 400 and scrambled eggs for tourist-Americans in foreign lands. And don't forget John is wise—a philosopher withal. His ups-and-downs have only served to develop his eye for the ridiculous. Once he quit his job at the Parker House, ———, and struck out for New York. His friends thought he was on an ill-fated steamer that went to the bottom, but it seems fate was kind to him for he changed his mind and went by train.

His death was reported in the papers though, and he was among the missing on the ship's record.

His friends in New York surround-

ed him on his arrival and were joyful, and glad of his narrow escape—and the little son of one of his crones said, "John, we thought you were food for the little fishes!"

John sent a postal to his friends in ——— stating he had arrived safely on a cake of ice, with a glass of Wurtzberger in one hand and a limberger cheese sandwich in the other.

This had a drawback also, for the proprietor of the ——— place sent in a bill for $10, stating a waiter had been sent to Providence to identify his body in the morgue.

On top of this followed another

event of moment, for a girl that John had only met a couple of times, wrote she was coming to New York to marry him, and to meet her at the boat.

By this time John was sorry the reports in the papers were not true.

But he was a "blood" and met the boat on its arrival and looked for his sweetheart. He was not quite sure in his own mind whether he remembered her or not, but his memory was jogged on the wharf by a punch in the jaw, which was "so sudden" as his sweetheart had arrived and administered this as a rebuke for leaving ——— without bidding her "good-bye."

Yah! Yah!

She also stated in very choice English that she had come prepared to marry.

John didn't think there had been much preparation as it was a February snow storm and she still had on a straw hat.

John was keeping pace, however, as he had on a light summer overcoat and ($3.04) three dollars and four cents in his pocket.

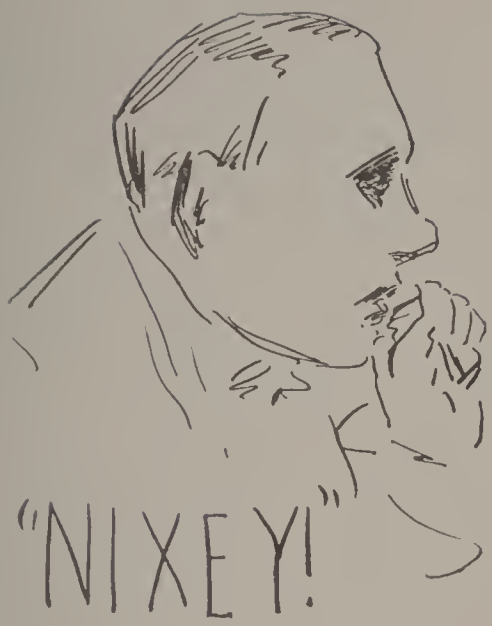
John led the way through the "maddening" crowd, followed by his sweetheart and wound up at the City Hall. He was here told he would have to have a license in order to carry out his

peculiarly astonishing ideas of matrimony, and of course he was also asked the names of his sweetheart's parents —which he didn't know, and his sweetheart was so stubborn she would not tell for hours.

The suspense nearly broke John's head. At any rate, the clerk said he would crack his skull if he didn't tell d—d quick.

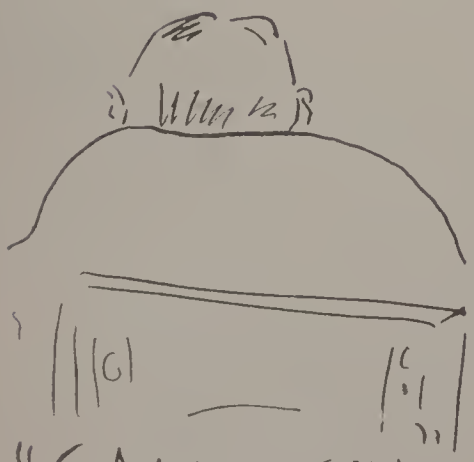
This had the desired effect for he got his license after consulting with the Danish Consul. John said his honeymoon was a great affair. It consisted of a bowl of soup, with two spoons.

As John concluded this narrative a



"NIXEY!"

"WHY·NOT?"



"SAUSAGE!"

"GIN·FIZ!"

well-dressed woman called John over to her table and asked if "Caruss was in?"

John was somewhat puzzled, but his quick wit came to him and he thought of the musical program which was being run in the phonograph "Ah! So Pure," from "Martha" by Caruss.

He looked at me and winked, and said to the lady: "Mr. Caruss has just gone over to Schlitz's to get a glass of beer, he will be back shortly"—whereupon the lady handed him a letter to be delivered to Caruss.

The lady was disappointed beyond

description, and left, looking the picture of dejection.

John turned the letter over to me. This is it:—

"My Dear Darling Caruss:—Have heard you sing 'Ah! So Pure' and I love you. My husband was a prospector and located a hole and is now a rich miner, but he can't sing half so good as you, I will leave him on short notice. Write me if you accept.

"Your loving admirer,

"Martha."

P. S.—Will be here tomorrow behind this post.

HONEST DEBTS

HONEST DEBTS.

Have you ever paid attention to the fact, if you deliberately plan to do an injustice to a soul on this earth you get it in the neck.

The following little story is one of hundreds that lodge in the "hole of black alleys."

A certain performer, whose name shall be sacred, was to perform at a Music Hall in Chicago. It seems he was in Detroit two weeks before his engagement in Chicago, and was de-

void of the "wherewith" to purchase a ticket.

He met a friend in this beautiful city of Detroit and told him his tale of woe. This friend listened until the pathetic story was finished and then disgorged the amount of $5 which with the amount the performer had already collected was enough to buy a ticket for the city of smoked hams.

The performer was joyful and large tears welled in his eyes as he thought of the kind deed of this trustful friend.

But here kind reader we will digress for a moment's reflection. The moment a man strikes a seat in a mov-

ing vehicle of any kind he is very likely to forget the cause that is urging him to his destination. This performer was human and consequently erred. He arrived in Chicago and saw the burg, sized up the shows and at last played his date. On Saturday night while doing his finishing performance, he happened to look out at the audience and recognized his friend from Detroit who had been kind enough to loan him the $5.00.

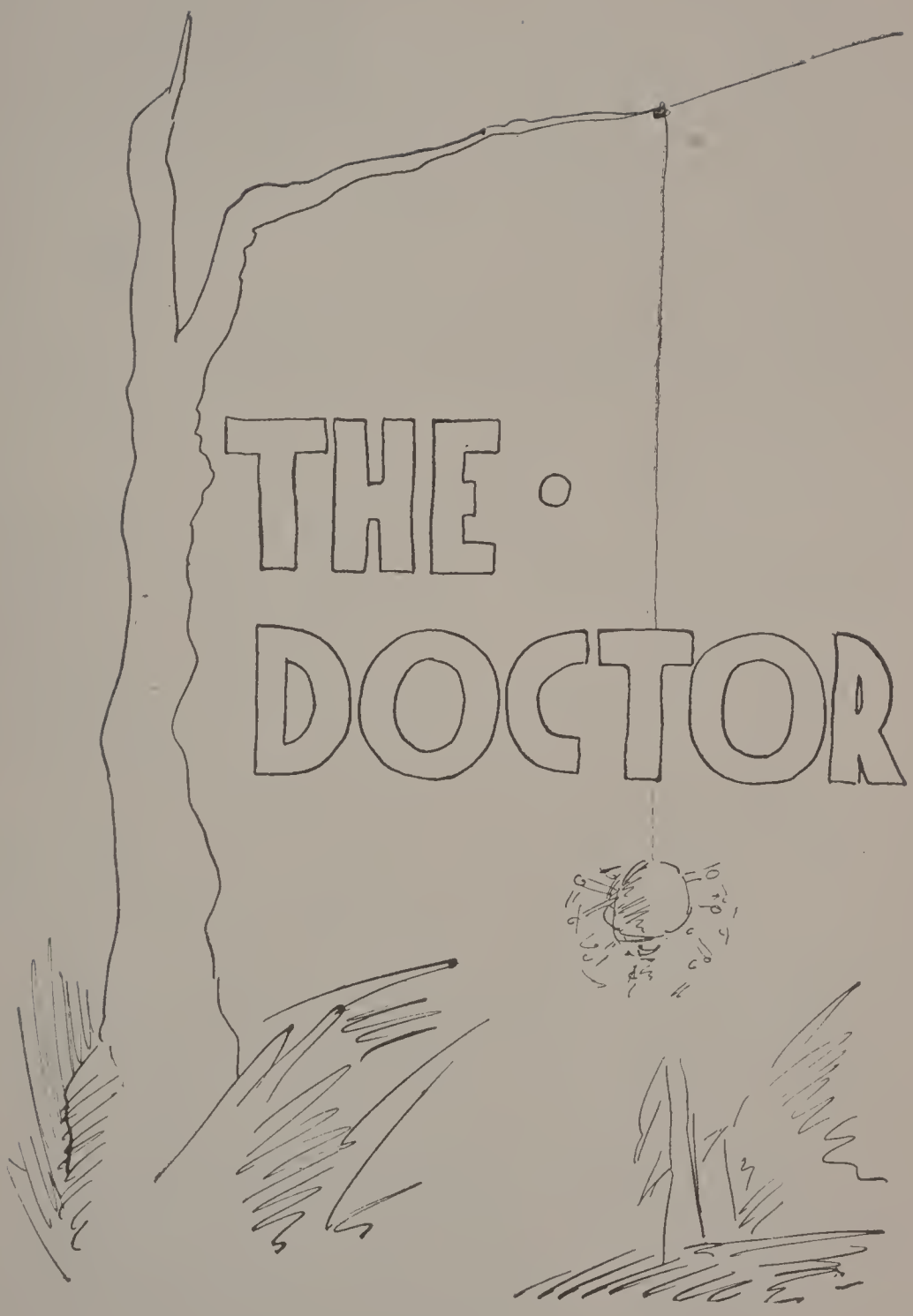
The friend held up his hand and spread out his fingers, and then pointed over his shoulder to the front of the house, which in plain pantomine

meant "Will see you in front of the house after your performance as I want my $5.00!"

The performer also had thoughts. He thought he would sneak out the back way with his salary and keep right on going with all of his money.

As soon as he got through with his turn he washed up, dressed and put his chain of thoughts into execution.

He sneaked out the back way and up a side street and chuckled to himself at his good judgment, when all of a sudden he was cracked in the head by a bold highwayman, and robbed of $40.


THE
DOCTOR

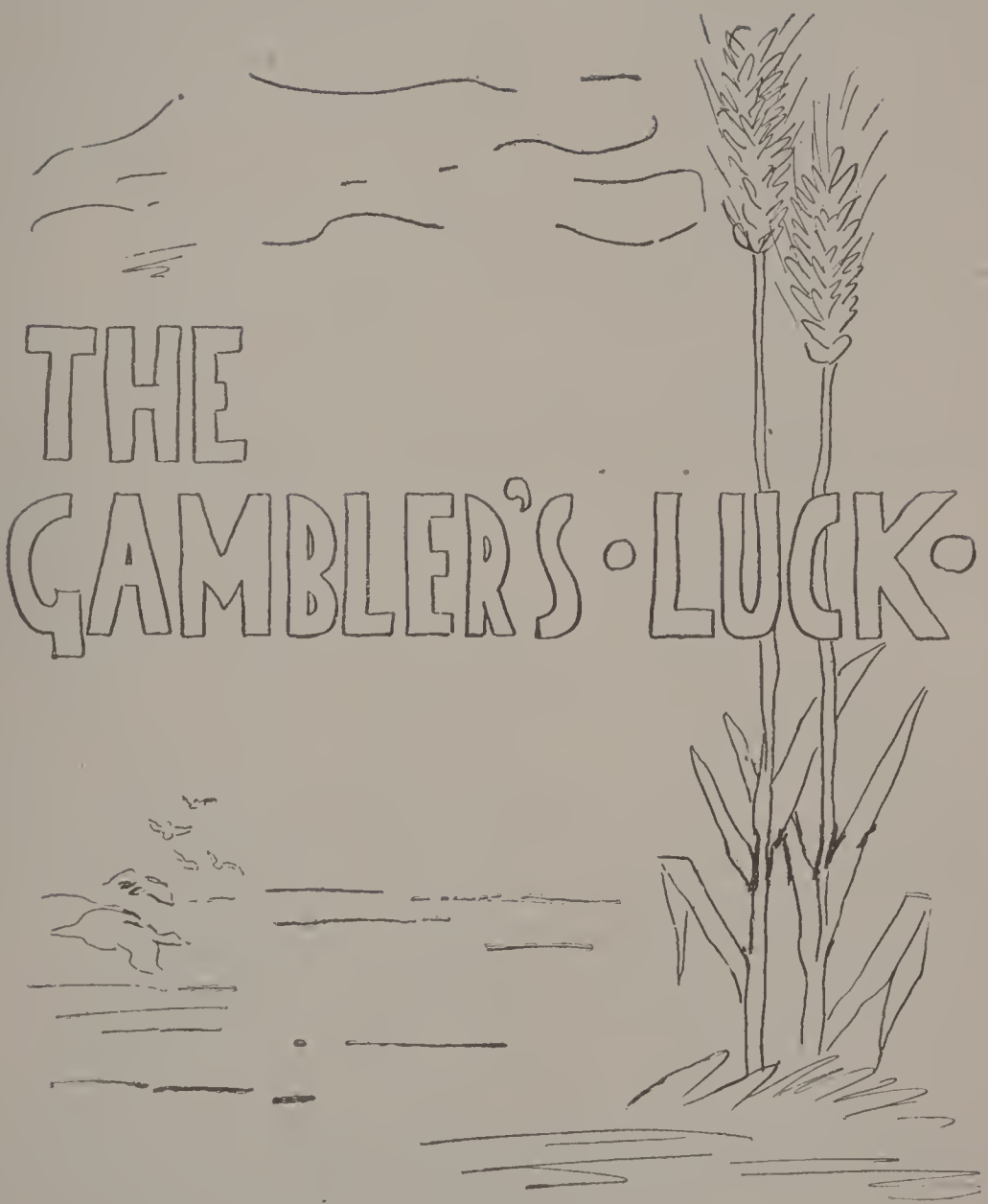
THE DOCTOR.

At the Baltimore, K., one evening over a rarebit, J. L. Donker, the Ventriloquist, related a little tale of his youth. At this period of his life he was employed in a doctor's office, and this particular physician was overly polite and extremely solicitous as to the health of his patients. Not forgetting, mind you, to suggest improvement to each and every one that came into his offices. His speech was somewhat stereotyped and ran as follows:

"Good morning! I see you are feeling better this morning!"

One morning a patient came and the Doctor met him at the door and sprung his usual speech as quoted above, whereupon the patient scowled and replied:

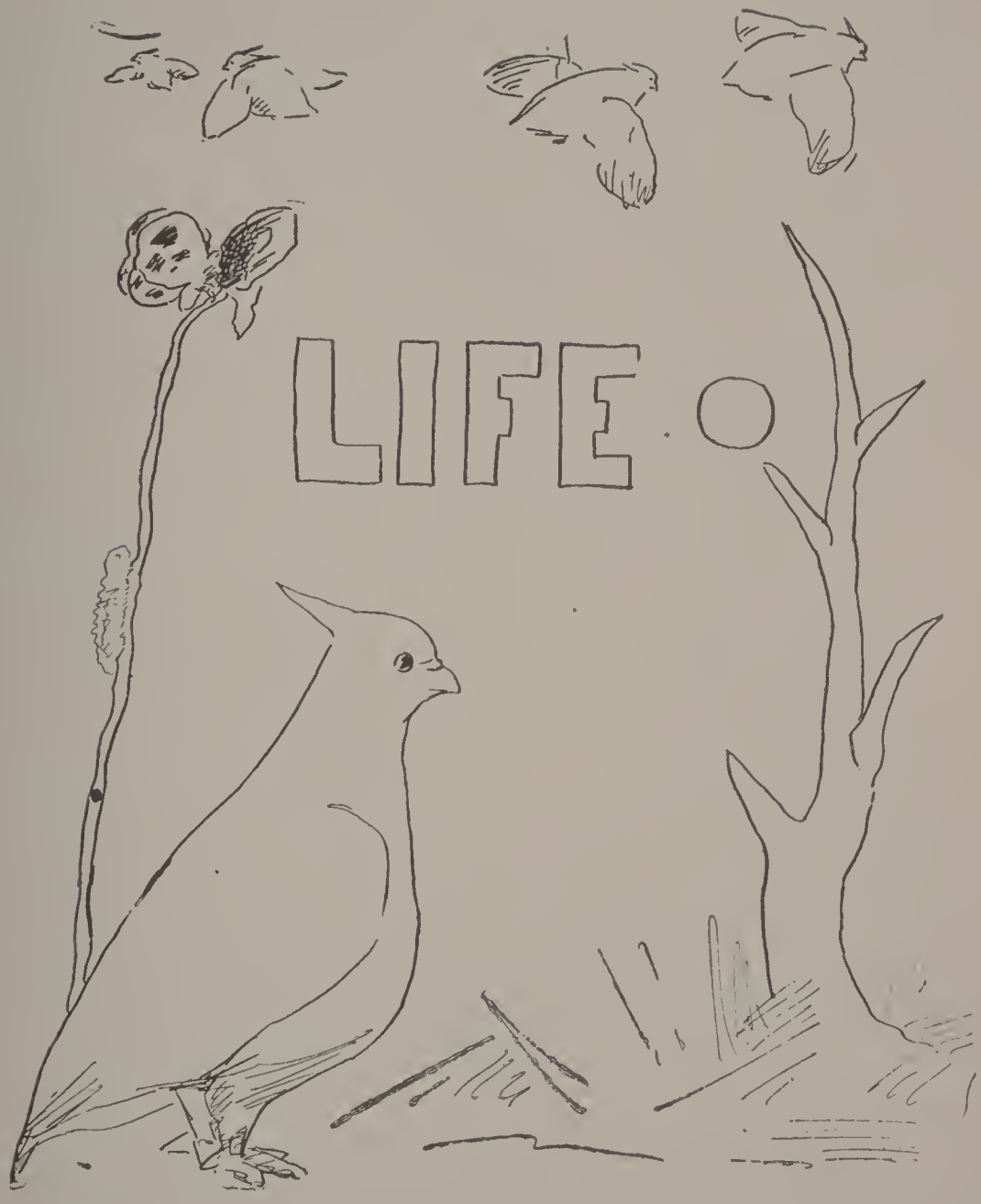
"You are a d——d liar. I am feeling worse!"


THE
GAMBLER'S · LUCK ·

THE GAMBLER'S LUCK.

The gamblers sat at the game one
night and eyed their cards full well,
One at the game pulled in the pots;
the others got not a smell.
This went on till dark midnight—a
chill ran through the crowd,
Not a whisper was heard from a visage
there, but the coin spoke quick and
loud.
At last a draft blew under the door and
struck three pairs of feet,

And each body attached to those three pairs quite quickly left its seat.
Then it was a howl went up and the trio went forth in the night,
And the lonely player just wrinkled his brow and watched them out of sight.
Then it was he tried to rise, but his winnings took in the slack,
He strained and tugged, but his pants were strong, and of course he broke his back!


LIFE

LIFE.

Universe without bound! A thundering sound!
That vibrates the soul of man.
A vessel that's empty—and solidly filled,
That overflows easily, like water that's spilled.
No inside, no outside, as far as man sees,
But the great soul responds and would drink to the lees!
You divide, separate, and grind to a dust,

And in each little atom is a world that will rust.
The spirit still moves and perpetuates kind,
And this mortals term the Eternal Mind.
The diversified shapes that creep o'er the earth
Are alive, have their being, and give forth a birth.
Globules are formed that conform to a shape,
And an eternal pattern forever they ape.
In an egg do we see the form that is used,

The formation of which can not be abused.

All things adhere and touch at a point,
And all things do break and fall from this joint.

As the worlds whirl around and glide through their space,
This is the form they eternally trace.

Spirit and matter do touch at a point,
And thus is life formed from this eternal joint.

Each atom gives forth, responds and grows,
And gives forth the shapes the eternal knows.

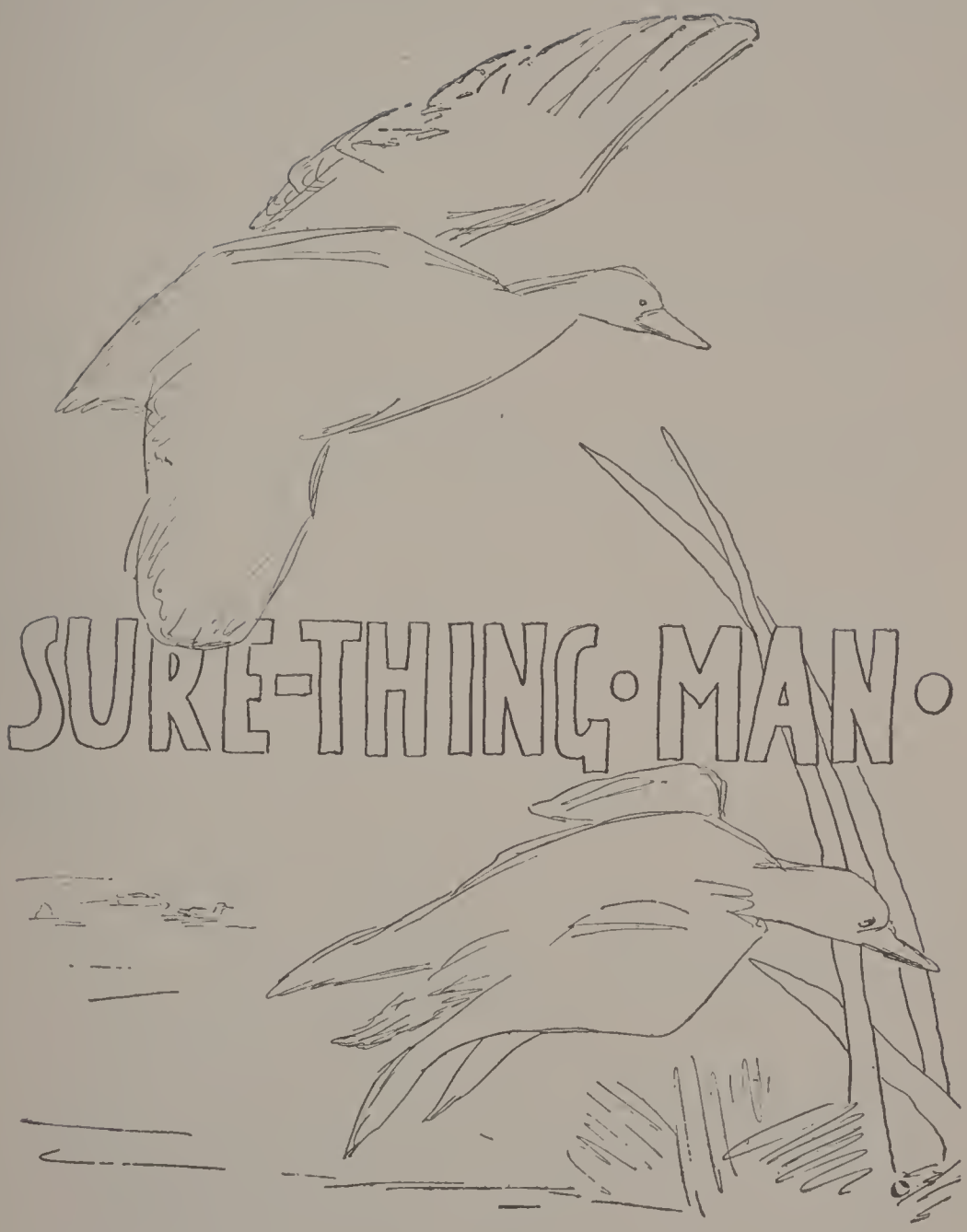
When conception takes place in microbe or man,
The growth is the same as the eternal plan.
If the form be a fly—a fly will come forth,
If woman conceive, mankind shows his worth.
The worlds up above conform to this plan,
And give forth a birth as often as man.
Thus everything shows from the form that it springs,
That like must produce a likeness of things.

THE CHEERFUL·GIVER·

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

Behold the sucker at the game, with
wide, dilated eye,
He risks his cash and takes a chance
at leaping to the sky.
He thinks because the game looks
good, he'll risk a lot of cash,
But the man that runs that simple
game is there to settle hash.
Of course the sucker sees the things,
it's plain as it can be,
The man that shows how good it is, is
there for company.

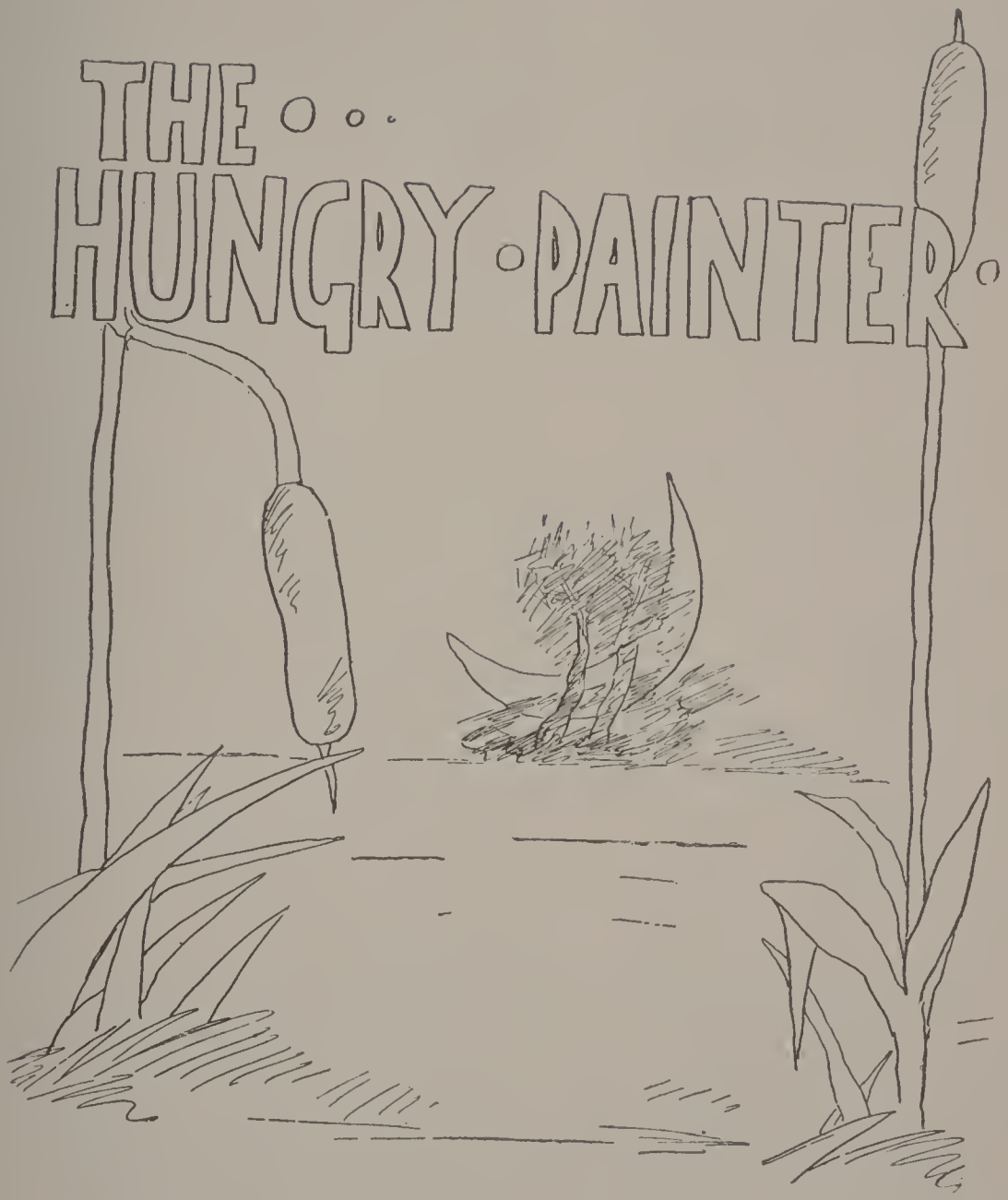
He tries the thing for fun you know,
and simply turns the trick,
But when he tries for money though,
he's up against Old Nick.
That fakir man, with easy smile, is
kind when it's for fun,
But when the sucker's money's up, he's
a real old son-of-a-gun.
He stays in town just long enough to
trim those suckers well,
And when he leaves the old maids say
he's bound to go to hell.
And still that fakir man lives well—
by the grace of God, no doubt,
For who else guides those sucker men
to turn their pockets out?


SURE-THING·MAN·

THE SURE-THING MAN.

The sure-thing man led a life that was gay,
He lived by the minute and not by the day;
Could make many millions in the wink of an eye,
And drop it as quick without even a sigh!
To be sure he was broke most all of the time,
But when he was thirsty he merely thought wine.
He had a tap in his head with a very big spout—
And when a leak sprung he sure had the gout!

The millions he made went forth in the air,
Wherever they blew nobody knew where.
But what is the difference, wherever they went—
A few millions more could be made with a cent.
Just get a "sure-thing"—stick with it for life,
You're bound to be happy without the least strife.
Whatever you need, just think good and strong,
Your life will be merry, if it's not very long!


THE
HUNGRY PAINTER

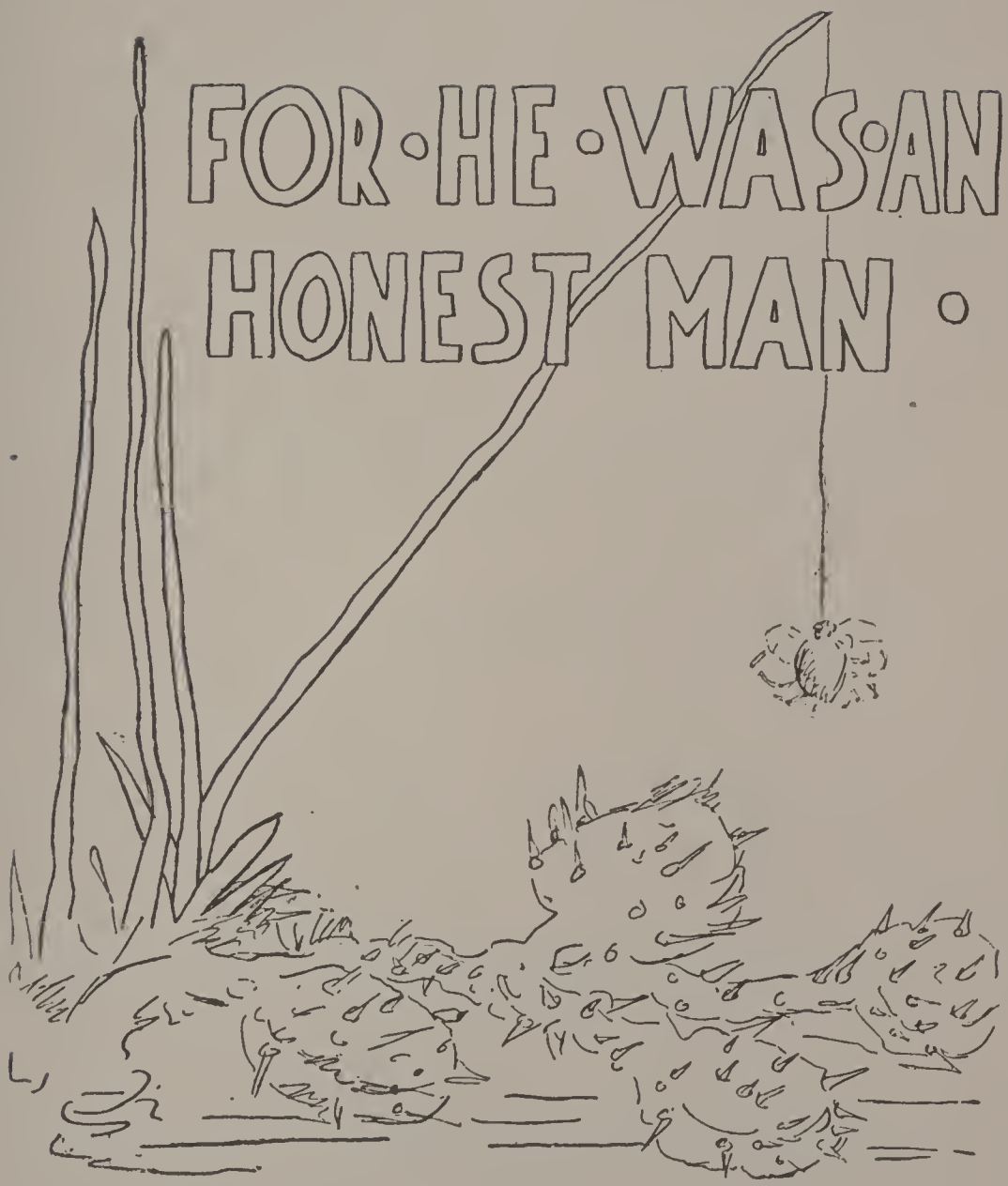
THE HUNGRY PAINTER.

The night was wild and the blast blew
cold, and the wind it howled with-
out,
The painter sat with gaunt, lean frame
and wished he had the gout.
Said he, "I think I'll cast a prayer and
see what luck I have,
"I'll pray for a sucker to blow this way
that I may 'con' and 'salve.'
"I'll swell my art and make him think
I'm really the whole cheese,
"And take his cash and hand him out
just what I 'good d——d please.' "

'Twas then he on his bended knees
gave forth a glad salute.
And as he finished his harangue in
blew a swell "galute!"
He had the connoisseur stare, his head
was empty sure,
And as he cast his optics 'round they
rested immature.
The artist gazed and listened to this
critic's time-worn phrase
Of tone, of atmosphere, perspective
too, and others that amaze.
The while he thought, "I wonder when
this sucker will invest—
"I'd like to have them kill a beef, and
have it nicely dressed.

"They say the whale mouthed Jonah
once and swam around the sea,
"If I could catch a whale, you bet he'd
swim around in me!"
Just then he saw the critic's eye take
on the gleam of trance,
And as he heaved he also saw a roll
come from his pants.
He counted out three hundred
"bucks" and grabbed a canvas green
And as he whirled out in the night, a
gladsome smile was seen.
"He'll paint himself," the painter
said, 'that paint is wet and red.'
"And so will I paint this old town be-
fore I go to bed.

"Three hundred bucks for that d—d
daub—I did it in an hour,
"I'll bet before this night is old, I'll
make my stomach sour.
"I'll eat and drink and eat some more,
and wash it down with wine galore!
"I'm losing time, I'll at it quick,
"And eat enough to make me sick."
In just three hours there tumbled in a
man with vacant stare,
He floundered 'round that dusty room
and beat the dark blue air.
Said he, "I think I'll pray again, this
load I cannot bear,"
But as the thought came from his mind
he heaved up what was there.


FOR·HE·WAS·AN
HONEST MAN·

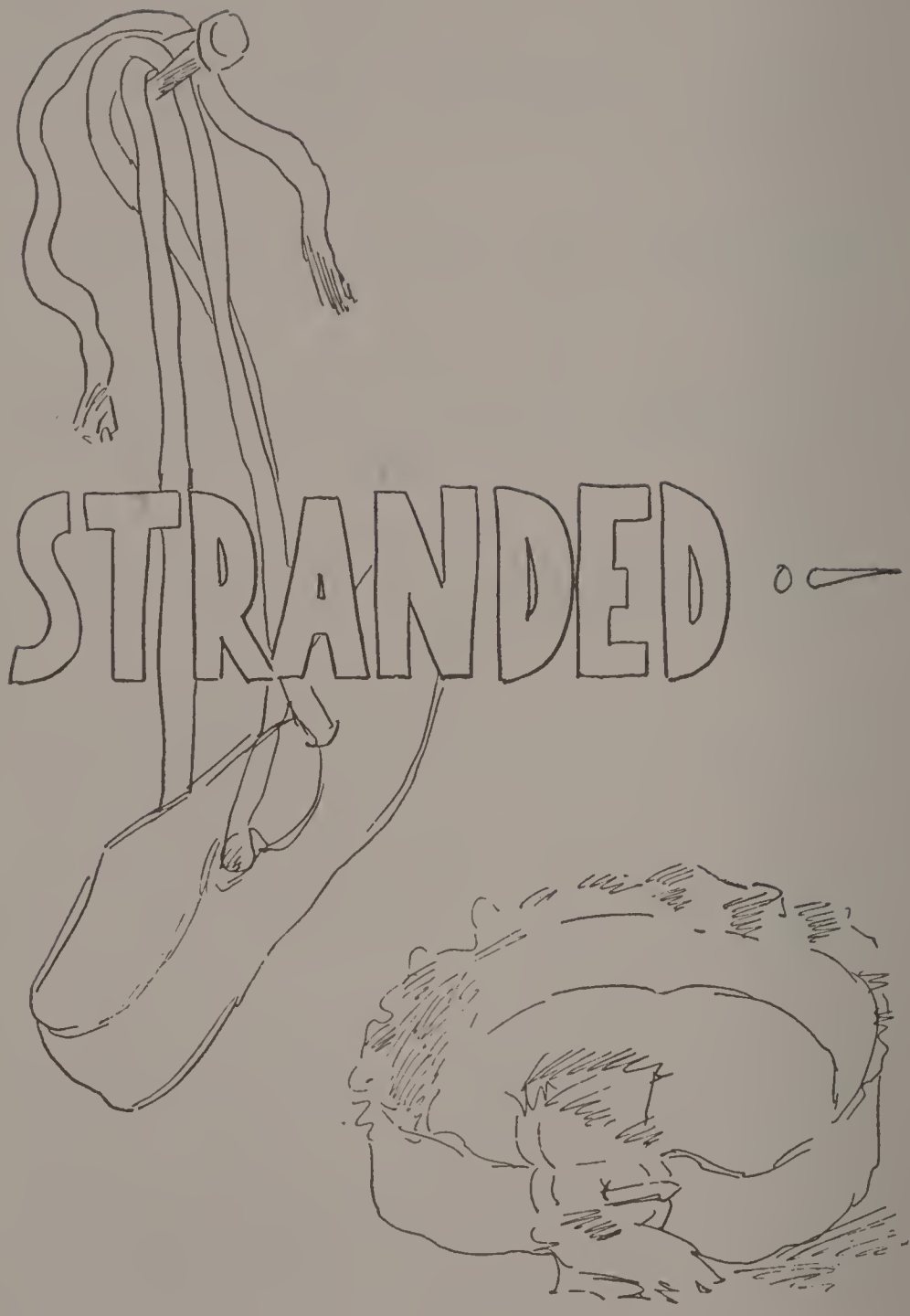
FOR HE WAS AN HONEST MAN

He was noble and good, with a studious mien—
His forehead was high and his reason was keen,
He knew how the planets went whirling around,
And why the cute gnomes inhabit the ground.
He knew why the sylphs inhabit the air,
And why the sea nymphs are decidedly bare.

He could write you a poem—a lyric or
song,
And write them all good without go-
ing wrong.
The ideal was his—he thought and he
grew—
This seeker of life—he imbibed but
the true.
His thoughts were serene, but his
frame was quite thin.
He was shabby without and empty
within.
His stomach was small, and digestion
bad
He ate what he could—whatever he
had.

For many long weeks he still thinner
grew,
He thought but the good and sought
but the true.
At last his sad eyes took on a keen
stare,
And his cheek bones did shine, in fact
they did glare.
But still he would preach and show
all is well,
Explain to the herd—the truth he
would tell.
One morning they found him, all
bowed in the spine,
He had crimps in his stomach—on
naught did he dine,

FOR HE WAS AN HONEST MAN.


STRANDED

STRANDED.

Off North State street, Chicago, is a Bohemian place that caters to the wants of man, presided over by a former professional, who related a story that can be summed up as follows:

Some few years back in the city of New York, there lived an individual, a trifle more thrifty than his worthy brothers, and through his natural integrity and thieving proclivities, he managed to amass a few

millions of lazy eagles—and then he died. Sad to relate, his widow, like most of the half-civilized, had a strong desire to do something for art; consequently, having the fortune of her dead husband at her command, she sallied forth to instruct the world, after her own peculiar fashion. The world, of course is stubborn, as everyone with a grain of intelligence knows, and usually balks at the first step, like a timid child. But mind you, this fair widow had at her beck and call, a legal advisor who was wise in his own behalf,—if there was anything in sight that looked good. Strange to say,

"We = We!"

there has never been a lawyer since history straggled after the trail of man that has not developed an Indian eye for coin. This fellow was no degenerate in this respect as his advice showed.

He had ideas.

He was a lover of statuary.

He adored the nude.

Consequently he advised this lady of artistic temperament to import a real opera troupe of Italian origin. He spoke of the Italian schools of painting and repainted the canvases of Raphael, Correggio and Titian, and each masterpiece sang the praises of the beauty of Italian skies, and ex-

uded the perfume of the sunny clime. Dante, Tasso, and the master musicians of Garibaldi's land added their golden strains to the heavenly band, which would descend on America and take this heathen land by storm, provided of course, the coin of the genial Jenea was forthcoming, and of course it was. Jenea would do something for her native land, the land of her birth and the grafting ground of her once beloved husband.

And so she did—after a fashion.

Many a murky night was spent in the struggle after the ideal which seemed to split in the mind of the foxy

lawyer and the high minded, though wealthy Jenea. At last the force of the legal expert's brain was exhausted and fell on a poor cripple who was sent to Italy to select a company of spaghetti lovers and high-voiced wind-pushers, to say nothing about those that had shapely calves.

The ballet was chosen with an eye that intimated the connoisseur. The girls were plump, buxon, and peach-like. The limbs were smooth, round, and tapering—like the head that selected them. And a prophecy seemed to exist in each fair member that was wont to point skyward. And

after many days the troupe arrived. The sea had had its effects, but the worst was yet to come—the rehearsal. This in time was over and the prospects looked rosy.

(Whenever anything looks rosy on this earth—look out.)

Business opened up strong at the Academy in New York, and tapered down like the ankle of the "premier." Chicago was the next stand. Of course business would be great in Chicago. The legal adviser had received this information from the manager of the show—and the lovely angel Jenea, went down in her stocking after the coin to ship this artistic aggregation to the city of Chicago—which proved to

be in the vernacular of the day—"On the Hog."

Day after day the managers of the various hotels watched the amusement notes in the yellow journal with eyes that depicted a strange terror, and at last concluded to throw the trunks of the fair "coryphees" into the street. This brutal attempt to strangle art was looked upon as dastardly—but just why the lovely Jenea could not understand.

Truth is awful—unless backed by cash!

But don't forget, fair and unprejudiced reader, the Americans, as a nation, are as kind as hyenas.

This artistic aggregation was

hustled into a caboose behind a freight train and shipped back to New York in the short time of four days, during which period they had nothing to eat or drink—and mind you, no place to make their toilet.

When this caboose was unlocked in New York the Board of Health should have been on the spot—but of course it wasn't. Neither was the legal adviser of the fair Jenea.

But some of the husky reporters must have smelt a story wafting on the breeze, anyway they followed their noses, for art's sake, and found the most dilapidated opera troupe that ever struck a high spot on this misshapen sphere.

A tribe of cannibals would have been tame in comparison!

Strange to say, these metropolitan newsmongers, or brain-fag artists had whisky-sense enough left to know a real banquet should be given this famished troupe of "soul inspiring song." Consequently led them to a restaurant conducted by a generous Italian who was seen to weep real tears without wringing a wet towel, as his countrymen dilated their eyes as well as their stomachs, at his expense.

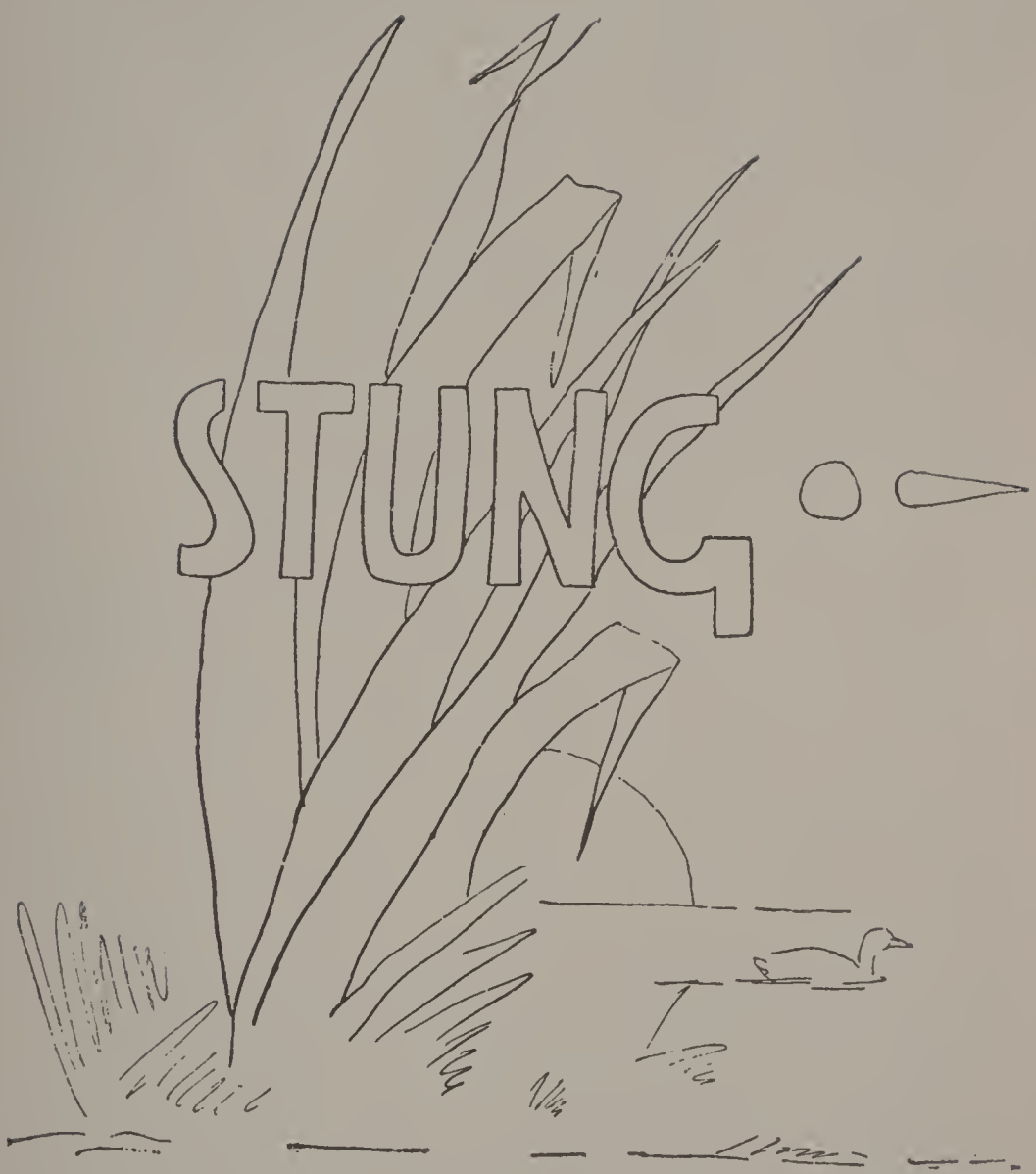
The papers spoke in glowing terms of their great charity, and how they had rescued from the street these beautiful girls and how their price of subscription would remain the same, and

advised artists coming to this country to advertise in their want columns, etc.

The poor Jenea bumped up against a hard nut, however, in this Italian purveyor of spaghetti, who also had a legal tendency, and threatened the ruination of Jenea's artistic pate unless she "dug down" for the "wherewith" to send this troupe back to the sunny clime of grape and vine.

Jenea felt of her coin and felt of her head and decided by chance which was the softest—and accidentally found the latter to be—

And thus did art vanish from the Land of Graft.


STUNG

STUNG.

In Minneapolis (not far from St. Paul, Minn.) is a restaurant that caters to a fine class of Swedes, and is not averse to the coin of lesser nationalities. The name suggests the German, but is managed by a Canadian.

Strange things are wont to occur in places of this character.

One afternoon the telephone rang and the stout manger responded with a switch of his curly yellow locks, and received the order of a very impatient voice for a spread for eight.

The eventful hour came, the table was loaded down with flowers and the guests laughed for a time, and things seemed to be alright—but * * * Suddenly a charming lady became impatient, moved about in her chair, blushed, excused herself from the table and made a hurried move toward the manager's office.

She became very confidential, and told this gentleman on entering of her plight,—he listened and seemed to be all ears, and heard the following:

"You see, this was to have been my wedding supper. But you know that poor husband-to-be has not yet arrived and I am sure he is killed, dead, shot,

or someone is holding him up for ransom, or some terrible catastrophe has overtaken him—what shall I do?

"I haven't any money with me, the dinner is ordered, and I cant' pay for it. What shall I do?"

The manager looked at her with his eyes starting out of their sockets, and again heard her say:

"What shall I do?"

This last query had the desired effect.

The gentlemanly manager replied: "Go and sit down and I will pay for the supper out of my own pocket."

A relief came over the face of this fair lady and the supper was served,

but the seat of the husband-to-be was vacant.

Naturally a story of this kind leaked out and the manager's friends accused him of being soft, a good thing, and many of them thought he had been stung for fair. All of which he believed—"Nit."

His confidence seemed to be unshaken, and he retained his mind unimpaired.

Six months afterwards a lady came in all smiles and said she thought she owed a small bill, and would like to pay same, and related the circumstance—which was unnecessary, as

this genial manager remembered it distinctly.

It seems this lady's sweetheart had been connected with a bank, and thought a trip for his health would be beneficial, and he took it on the night they were expecting him for supper. He also took along the loose change he found in the bank's safe and has "scarcely been heard of since!"

The manager was overjoyed to hear of this sad but distressing news and asked the lady if she didn't "think he would do to fill the vacancy."

She seemed to think he would.

He is now paying for all the meals —and the rumor goes they are happy —Poor mortals!

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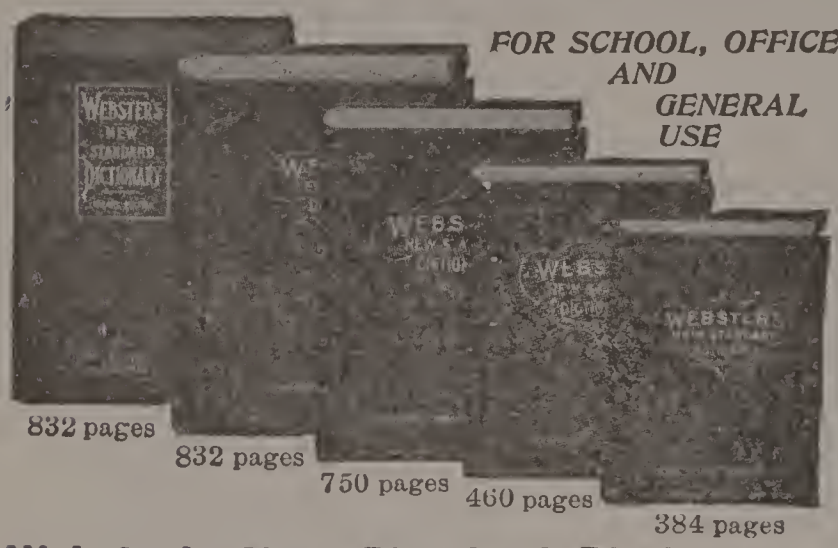

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